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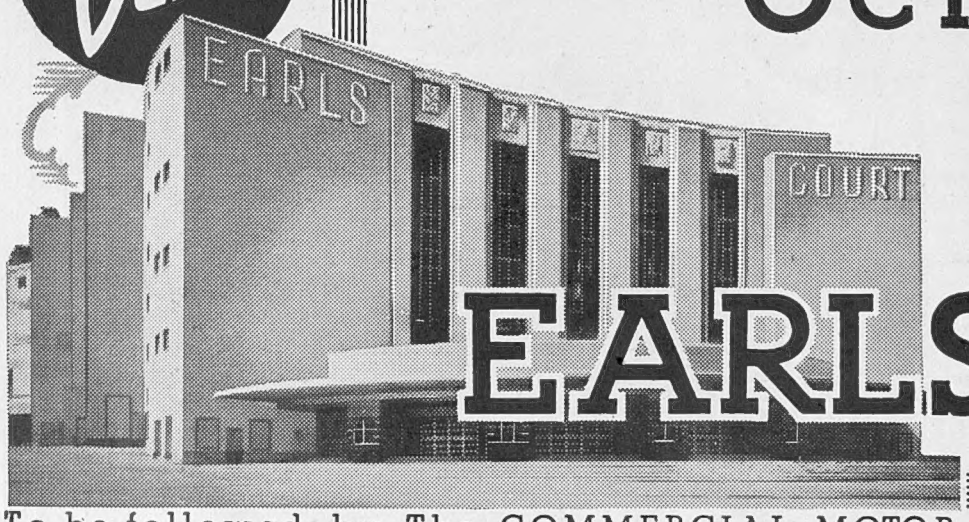

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THE SPHERE
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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, October 9, 1937

LONDON'S AIR DEFENCE:
A CALL TO ARMS

The War Minister Inspecting a New Type of 3·7-in. Anti-aircraft Gun on the Horse Guards Parade as the Government Launched Its Big Propaganda Effort to Gain 20,000 New Recruits for the Territorial Army

The Government, realising London's vulnerability from the air, launched this week a big propaganda scheme to stimulate interest in the work of the Territorial Army units charged with the air defence of the capital, and on Monday last Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, the War Minister, paid a visit to the Horse Guards Parade to inspect the equipment and personnel of the new Mobile Display Group. This group is now giving a series of demonstrations in the Metropolitan area, showing to the general public the working of searchlights, sound locators, guns, and, in fact, all the elaborate paraphernalia needed in countering air raids. Large audiences are ensured, for many of the demonstrations are being held in conjunction with big sporting events, the venue to-day, for instance, being White Hart Lane where Tottenham Hotspur are playing and at least 30,000 people are sure to forgather. Greyhound tracks, such as Harringay and White City, are also being used for the purpose and daylight drives through various districts are another feature. The whole plan has definite popular appeal and it is hoped that at the finish it will have played a big part in gaining some of those 20,000 recruits so urgently needed to ensure London's security

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

OLD SOLDIERS FORGATHER: Members of the Salonika Reunion Association marching past the Cenotaph after holding their thirteenth annual muster on the Horse Guards Parade last Sunday and being inspected by Field-Marshal Lord Milne who was in command of them during the second half of the war when he was responsible for the big operations against the Bulgarians in the years 1917 and 1918

A PRESENT FOR THE "POMPADOURS": Colonel F. H. D. C. Whitmore, Lord Lieutenant of Essex, handing over a set of thirty bugles to members of the 2nd Battalion, Essex Regiment, to mark the force's return to England after eighteen years of continuous foreign service. The gift was provided by public subscription in the county, and the ceremony of presenting the bugles took place on the Chelmsford cricket ground. Afterwards the regimental colour was trooped, and finally the battalion marched past in columns of fours, the Lord-Lieutenant taking the salute

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, October 6, 1937.

NATIONAL HEALTH.—For six months National health, if the fiends of war and bloodshed permit, is to be a subject of prime importance on Ministerial and official platforms and to be driven home by posters and all forms of propaganda. The Premier launched the appeal last week in a speech which raised no clarion call but was thoughtful and humorous. He is not perhaps the broadcaster that Mr. Baldwin is. The campaign demands clarion calls. Britain is far behind not only the dictator countries but the young and smaller democracies—notably the Scandinavian, not indeed in its new and expensive health services but in mass enlightenment. For sheer, blind, unreasoning obstinacy in matters of health and diet and hygiene, you simply cannot beat the average English village parent. In sheer recklessness with human life the average English town-dweller stands alone. The advice, the preventives, the cures, the medical services are—with obvious gaps — there, ready for use. But the public broadly is still too obstinate, too blind, too much in love with "privacy" to use them. In Britain the lower classes stick in the mud. Their lives and their children's lives are menaced by *nostalgie de la boue*. As with every other desired reform, it is years of education which must still pass. Propaganda and constant repetition must drive the lesson home. The feast is prepared. The guests are shy. We must go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in. Of course, it is the density of our population in the great cities—if it is the density of our minds in the villages — which holds the good work up. In Stockholm most of our problems are non-existent. There you find air and space and great healthy waterways instead of mean congested streets. When you legislate for 5,000,000 instead of 45,000,000, you can ensure to every worker his birthright of air, light, and colour, his fitting ration of exercise and recreation, and you can see that he takes it. There the richest men are taxed to 90 per cent. of their incomes, and any week-end you may see the poorest worker and his family embarking from his airy flat in his own motor launch to spend his off-time in the open air and in horticultural pursuits on his own allotment outside the city, on which a paternal government has erected for him his own "country-house"—an airy shack that supplies his needs. It is an idyll, of course. With our population and our communications, such things lie years and generations ahead. But because we lag so far behind, because our difficulties are so great, and lower class prejudice is so strong, the call must be persistent and loud and reiterative, if we are to remove one of our chief reproaches. I am not at all sure that we can secure healthy bodies until we have spent years of effort and millions of pounds in producing healthier minds. The first Augean stable to be cleansed is the mental obstinacy of the working classes.

A CHURCHMAN PASSES: The Earl of Munster (who represented the King) in conversation with Canon V. F. Storr (Sub-Dean of Westminster, who conducted the service) after the funeral of Dr. Foxley Norris, Dean of Westminster, which took place at the Abbey on Friday of last week. Dr. Foxley Norris, a man of many gifts and very decided views, had been Dean for the past twelve years and no one could have been more conscious of his vast responsibilities as guardian of one of the greatest architectural monuments in the land (see note on next page)

THE NEW SESSION.—The weekly meetings of our Cabinet have now been resumed, and there is plenty of material for the agenda, both domestic and international. Soon No. 10 will be left free by the decorators for these deliberations. There will be a formal wind-up sitting on October 21, when Parliament will dispose of the business of the old session and the King will open the new session on October 26. Whether or not foreign affairs will be debated before the debate on the Address is uncertain. The Opposition has already urged that such a debate should come in the purview of the present session. The Sino-Japanese war is grave enough to demand it, and if it take place the prorogation may be postponed for a day or two. The temper of the House at the moment is definitely anti-Japanese, and efforts may be made to press for an economic boycott of Japan if she give no assurances of more humane methods of warfare. As for

the business of the new session, much remains urgent despite the heavy legislative achievements of the past session. There is a mass of bills on the stocks. The coal royalties bill, an elaborate affair, one likely to be fought section by section before nationalisation is achieved; not less elaborate or contentious is the bill to regulate the distribution of electricity, long overdue and not likely to be carried as far as it should because of the strong entrenchments of the vested interests; then there is a bill for prison reform; a bill to try again to check the notorious protection to law breakers afforded by the use of the word "club"; there is an "Air Raid Precautions, allocation of costs of" Bill, on whose passing depends further serious efforts by local authorities to meet the dangers of hostile air attacks; then there is Lord Moyne's committee's findings on the film industry and its future which require examination; and the share-pushers have yet to be dealt with. Add National Health, pensions for the blind, bills dealing with pigs and poultry and milk, and it will be obvious that the time of Parliament is already fully mortgaged to domestic needs without considering emergency measures demanded by European developments. Of all our Ministers, the Home Secretary, Minister of Agriculture, Health, Transport and Coal-mines Ministers are likely to be kept busiest.

OIL IN SUSSEX.—When the next history of Sussex comes to be written, the chapter on mineral oils will be no longer than that on snakes in the history of Ireland. Not again in our time, I think, will derricks and oil boring machinery be erected in lovely Sussex. The Anglo-American Oil Company is removing its plant to Dalkeith where I hope it may have better success. In Sussex it has abandoned hope after reaching 3,500 ft. Of course we need oil supplies in Britain. In time of war it would be a god-send but, having passed over certain oil bearing lands, I am glad that Sussex is not to become the instrument of our island salvation. Failure has been registered on the East and on the West of the delectable county. If oil be found in commercial quantities in Britain, may it be found in an area already devastated by commercialism!

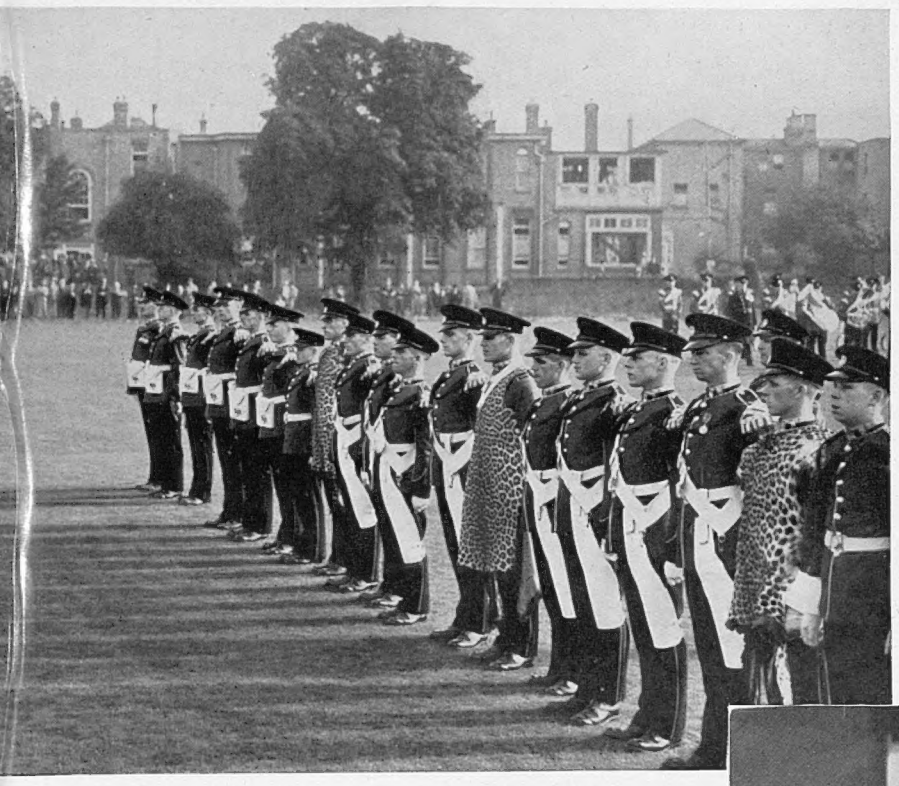
DALY'S.—The curtain has rung down on Daly's Theatre. Its life was forty-four years—crowded years of glorious Ruritanian life which have quietly ebbed away. Augustin Daly opened it in 1893 as a home of Shakespeare. But the gods (in the gallery) willed otherwise, and the catalogue of its productions was a meaty sandwich of musical-comedy successes between *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The Lost Legion*. It was George Edwardes who made Daly's and his own name at Daly's. There were performed *The Merry Widow*, *San Toy*, *The Geisha* (each running 700 nights or more), and *The Maid of the Mountain*, which doubled the record. The names of the stars are household words: Evie Greene, Lily Elsie, Gertie Millar, Isabel Jay, yes, and Marie Tempest; Rutland Barrington, Huntley Wright, Hayden Coffin, George Graves, W. H. Berry, Fred Emney. Of moderns: Gracie Lee, Sari Petrass, Evelyn Laye, Dorothy Dickson; Tom Walls, Carl Brisson. The average run of the shows was over a year and a half. Surely the place was charmed. What a curious personal reflection that the only time I ever put up money for a musical-comedy show was a new show at Daly's. I lost all my money. It proved one of Daly's rare failures—under Jimmy White management! How to explain it? Well, I fancy these shrewd promoters only let in the pigeons when they are not quite sure that the pickings will justify risking the family fortune. Daly's successes were legion and, in addition to those mentioned above, it had many a show that topped the coveted century of performances: *An Artist's Model* (1895) did 392, *Betty* (1915) did 391, *The Blue Mazurka* (1927) did 140, *The Cingalee* (1904) did 365, *Cleopatra* (1925) did 110, *The Count of Luxembourg* (1911) did 340, *A Country Girl* (1902) did 729 and another 173 on revival in 1914, and *The Dollar Princess* (1909) did 428.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.—Gradually Newstead—the old home of Byron and his race—is taking its fit place as a Byron Museum. First the empty shell was purchased seven years back by Sir Julian Cahn and presented by him to the Corporation of Nottingham. A part of the same generous transaction was the handing over to the City by the late owner of Newstead, Mr. C. I. Fraser, of furniture and relics connected with Byron. Now the collection of Byroniana made by the late Mr. H. C. Roe, a Nottingham manufacturer, has been bequeathed to the City also and has just been handed over, to be exhibited permanently at Newstead. Thus the gloomy Abbey—whose gloom Byron both felt and, by his manner of life there, enhanced—will become something more than a peep show, an empty Abbey and a monument to a pet dog. It is henceforth a live and very instructive memorial and museum of a great English poet. For the Roe collection is fine and full; in MSS., editions and portraits, it may compare with, if not rival, "Mr. Murray's" at Albemarle Street. It is over 120 years ago that Byron sold Newstead when he was driven out of England by the tide of public, or Society, opinion, to die seven years later at Missolonghi.

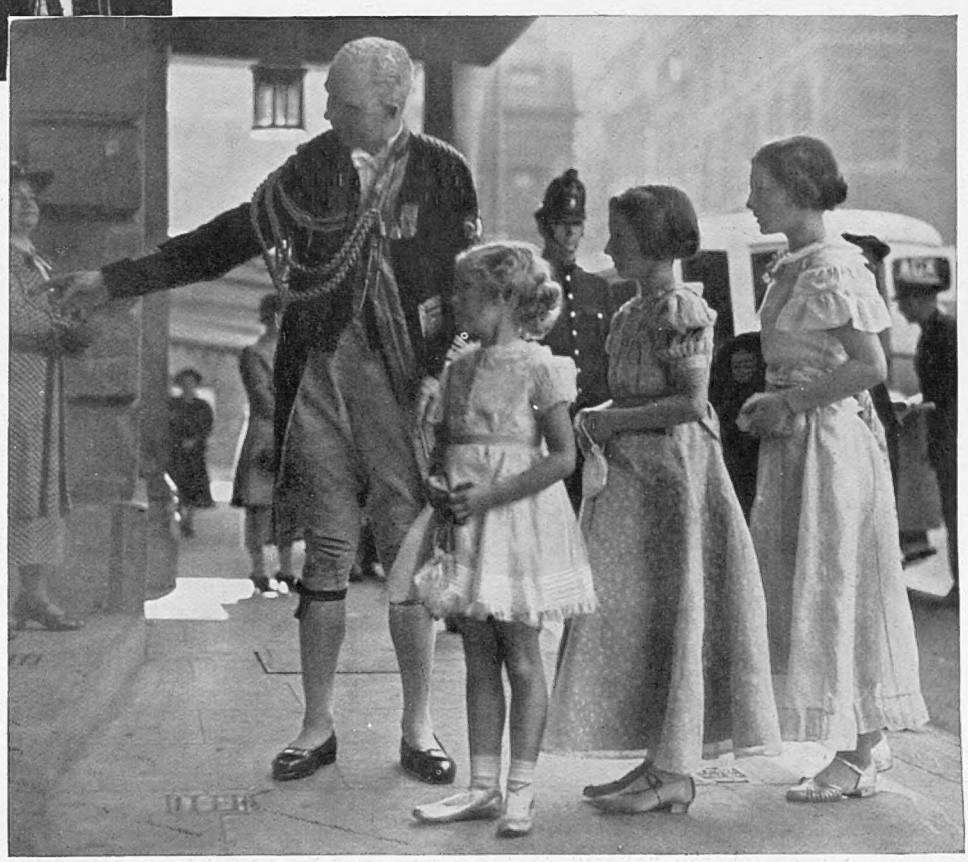
THE DEANERY.—The deanery of Westminster is a plum of the Church. The Deans of Westminster and Windsor are unique. They serve no masters save the King and God. They owe no allegiance to bishops. They are Royal Peculiars. Of the two the deanery of Westminster possesses the greater attraction for the power and influence it can, in the hands of a great Churchman, exercise in religious life. For that reason many eminent churchmen in the past have sighed for the deanery of Westminster while accepting a bishopric, and one or two have thankfully retired from bishopric to deanery. In Westminster Abbey the Dean is absolute dictator, the Primate (save in one instance) an honoured visitor who must mind his p's and q's. There is no more interesting appointment than that made by the King of a Dean of Westminster. Those appointed are nearly always well qualified at the date of appointment, but (like headmasters, statesmen, and butlers) they are sometimes tempted to hang on to the tree when over-ripe and losing their efficiency. The late Dean came to Westminster with a notable reputation won at York for business efficiency and energy, administrative ability, great moral courage for his convictions which were Victorian, and considerable artistic taste. He was a good orator and an artist of merit. He rose swiftly, rather as a staff officer than as a "commander in the field." He was head of the family of Norris which held (and now again hold) Speke Hall in Lancashire in 1480.

RECORDER OF LONDON.—The new City Recorder, in succession to Sir Holman Gregory, is Judge Gerald Dodson. The post is financially on a par with a High Court judgeship and is of great importance and, some say, has advantages which make it a greater plum. Judge Dodson is an interesting character. He is fifty-three and the son of a Norfolk man. He was educated at Cambridge and was in the R.N.V.R. during the war. He followed a normal, not spectacular, career at the Bar and was for two years a prosecuting counsel to the Crown at the C.C.C. He has written legal text books, specialising on the law relating to motor cars and, like others of his kind, he has ventured into musical comedy. He wrote the libretto of that very successful light opera, the *Beggar Maid*, for which Montague Phillips composed the score. But Judge Dodson is himself a musician and a lover of music. He has been Mayor's Court Judge for the past three years and proved a good judge, too. He is a good judge of men and music and motoring offences, and what more do you want in a modern judge?

THE OLD STAGER



MAJOR-GENERAL ALAN DAWNAY.—Brigadier Alan Dawnay has risen like his brother, who is a director of many business concerns, to the rank of Major-General. He is to be the Director of Public Relations at the War Office. His task (simply put) is to kill for ever the old idea that "going for a soldier" or "taking the King's shilling" is a rather disgraceful *faute de mieux* for ne'er-do-well cadets. In official language to "promote a closer mutual understanding (than has hitherto been possible) between the Army and all sections of civil life." One way of achieving that end has already been taken. The "King's shilling" has become the "King's crown" with a pension at the end of it, and the word "barracks" is to lose its corrupted meaning of gaunt, bare, soulless, uncomfortable surroundings." "Going for a soldier" is already acquiring the more distinguished meaning of "taking up an important post in the Government service." There is money these days for the War Office to spend, and propaganda will be General Dawnay's business. He is well qualified for the post. He has great tact and beautiful manners and a wide range of experience. One who has controlled programmes at the B.B.C. has inevitably learned a lot about human nature and how to compose the differences of men and to remove painlessly, prejudice and jealousies and suspicion. One chosen to be Army Instructor at the Imperial Defence College may be presumed to know a deal about the profession of arms. I will eat my hat if General Dawnay does not in a short time make wings grow on Tommy Atkins and on recruiting.

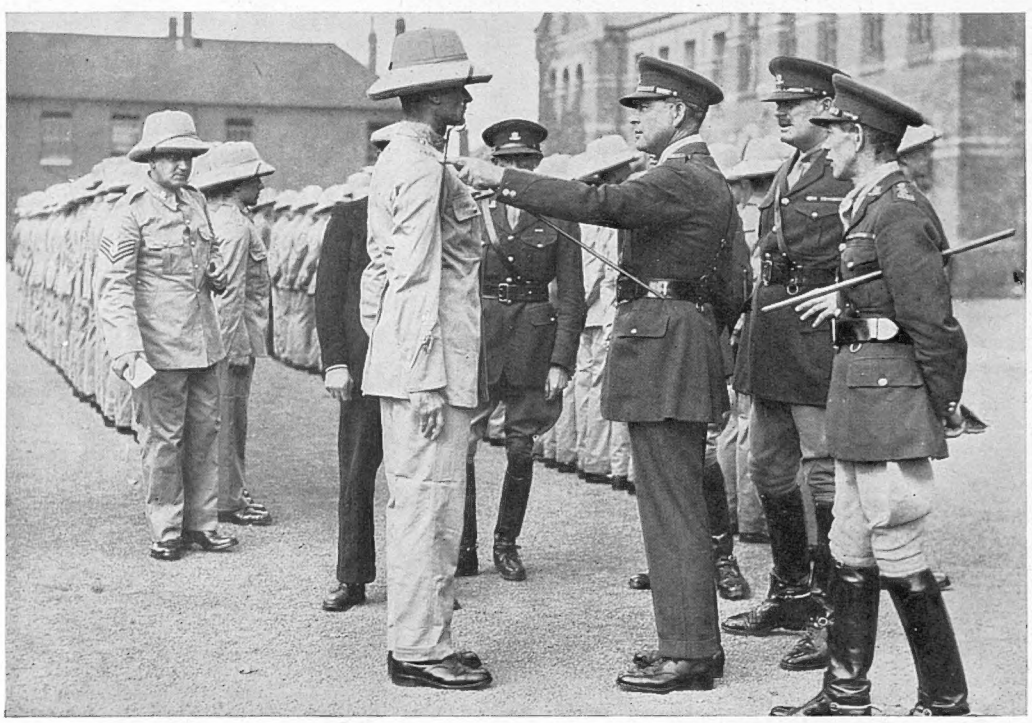


IN CHARITY'S NAME: Just a few of the 800 youngsters of the Peter Pan League who answered the appeal to help the rebuilding fund of the Great Ormond Street Hospital for Sick Children and turned up in force at the Mansion House to hand purses to Queen Mary on behalf of the institution. On the same day it was announced that Lord Nuffield had given £50,000

HEADLINED NEWS AT

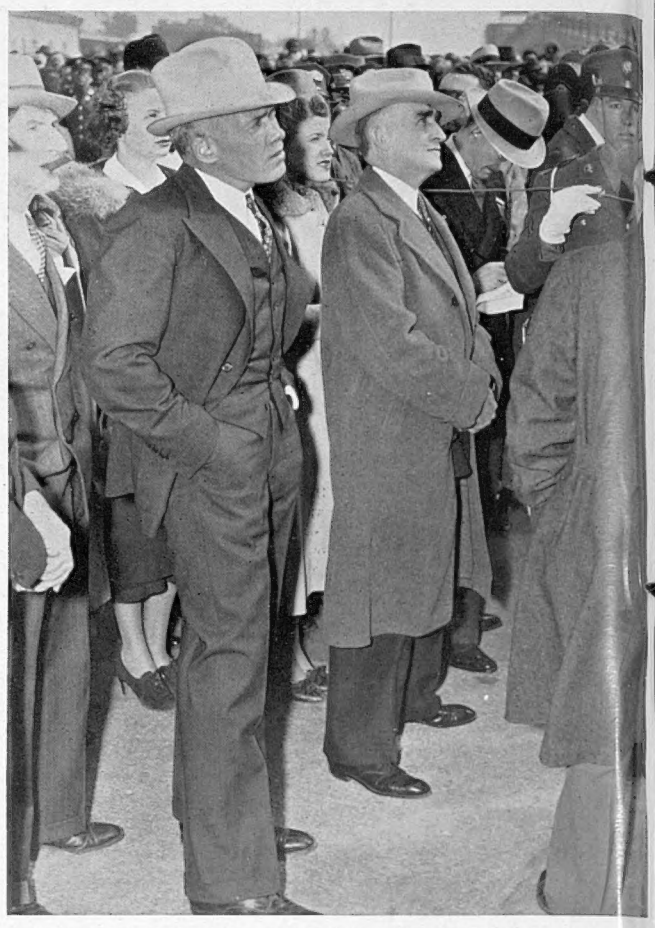
Mr. Roosevelt Makes a Whirlwind Tour · Muss

ERITH'S RIVERSIDE PROMENADE, which is costing about £20,000 and is now well on the way towards completion, was inaugurated last Saturday by Councillor W. J. Ebben, J.P. Formerly it was impossible to see the Thames properly from any part of the Erith shore, houses and shops occupying the whole frontage, but now many of these have come down or are scheduled for demolition

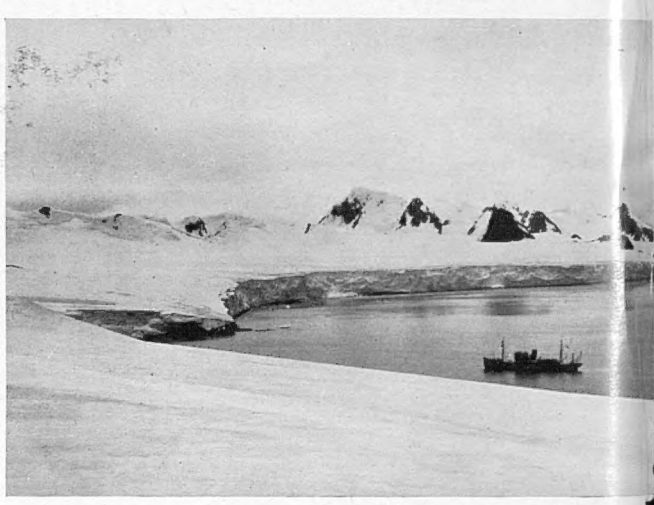


BOUND FOR FOREIGN SERVICE: Colonel P. E. Bowden-Smith, of the 16th-5th Lancers, examining the new tropical kit issued to the men at Hounslow cavalry barracks. The regiment was on the eve of its departure to Secunderabad, India, where it is to be stationed for a spell of duty. The 16th was, interestingly enough, the first Lancer regiment to serve in India, and during twenty-five years spent there in the last century won fame on many fields, notably under Sir Harry Smith at the battle of Aliwal

GOSPORT'S WELCOME FOR "ENDEAVOUR I": A member of the crew of Mr. H. A. Andreae's yacht mobbed on arrival back on Friday of last week after one of the most adventurous voyages in the annals of sail. The men had a wonderful ovation, and were accorded a civic reception by the Mayor of Gosport, but it was obvious that they had no desire to be fêted, regarding their great feat in sailing nearly 3,000 miles in rough weather under jury rig in the most matter of fact manner possible



MR. ROOSEVELT VISITS WYOMING: The President started out a few days ago on a whirlwind tour of the western States, his main object being, it is declared, to test public opinion regarding his administration which has of late suffered certain setbacks. Senator Joseph O'Mahoney, a redoubtable opponent

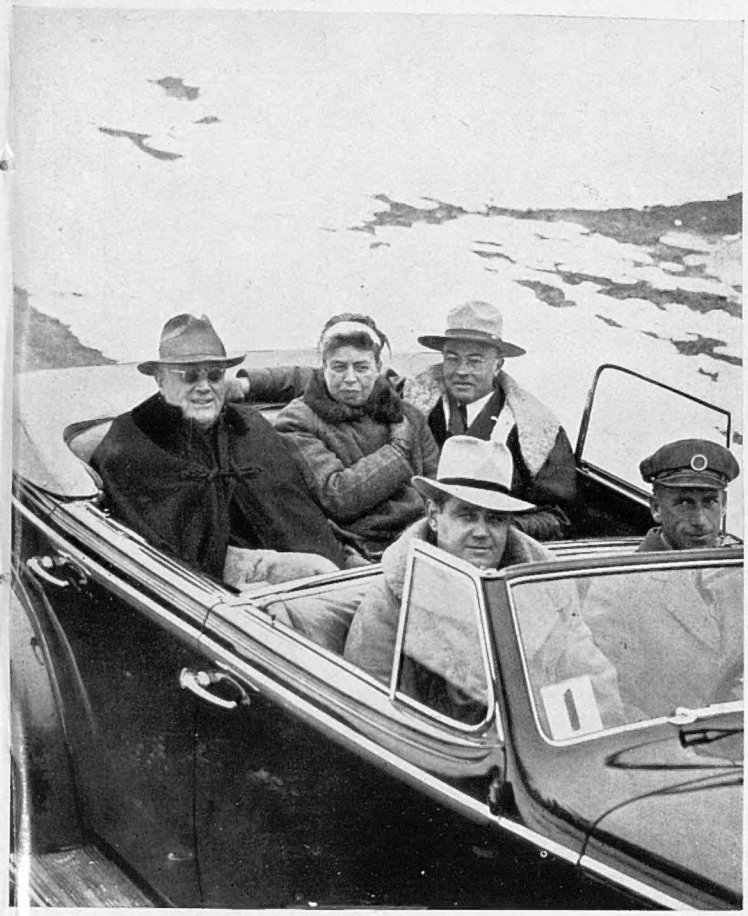


A FLOATING LABORATORY IN THE ANTARCTIC: The Royal Research ship, *Discovery II*, which is once again ready to go south to study the habits of whales, pictured at anchor in Ice-

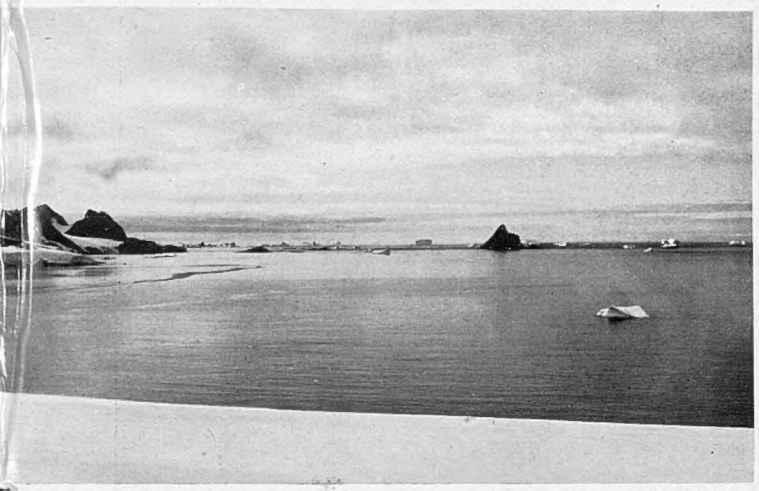
THE GERMAN HARVEST THANKSGIVING, which from being a religious affair mainly of the country people has become to a certain extent under the Nazi regime a national political festival and display of military might, is being celebrated this

Home and Abroad

lini, Jnr., in America—"Endeavour's" Crew Welcomed

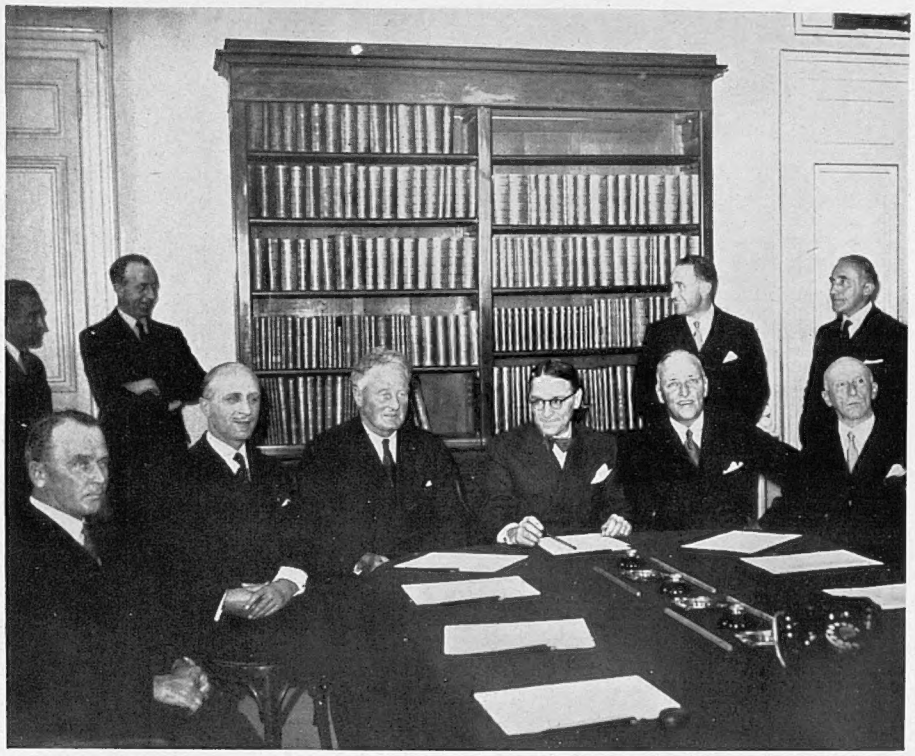


of the Supreme Court Bill, who is seen (in overcoat) in the left-hand picture, welcomed the Presidential train on arrival at Cheyenne, but he was at pains to explain that he was there as a citizen, not as a Senator. *Above*—Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt driving in Yellowstone Park during a day's relaxation from oratory. Riding with them was Colonel Rogers, the park superintendent



berg studded Scotia Bay in the South Orkneys during her last voyage. The vessel contains a fully equipped laboratory and is doing similar work to the other research ship, *William Scoresby*, which is also bound for the whaling grounds

year on an even greater scale than ever. *Left*—A gun crew rehearsing its part for the army display on the Bueckeberg Hill, above Hamelin, where on festival day the people gather to watch a mimic battle. *Above*—Farming folk riding through the streets of Berlin surrounded with country produce

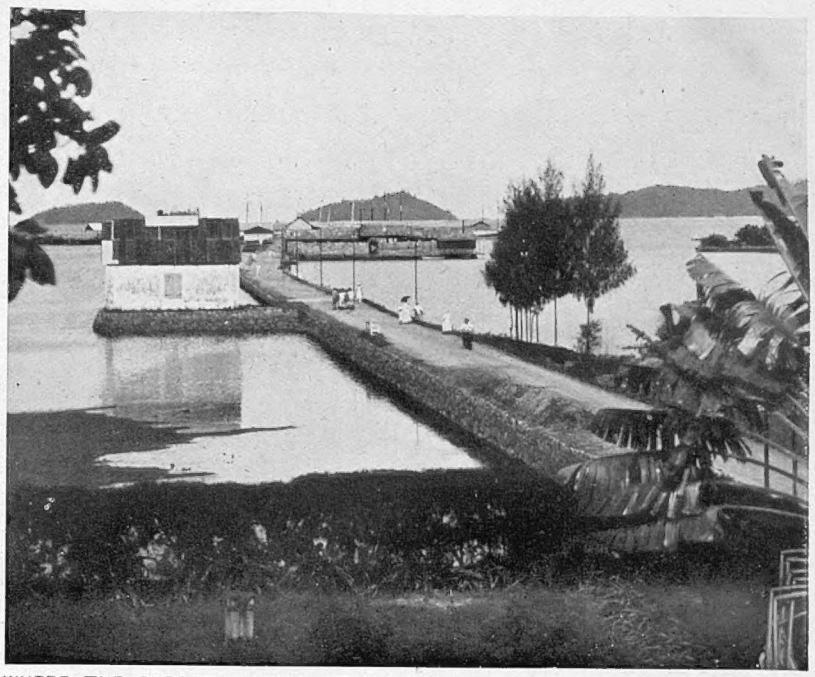


THE ANGLO-FRANCO-ITALIAN NAVAL CONFERENCE started in Paris last week when representatives of the three countries met to discuss the joint system of anti-piracy patrol in the Mediterranean agreed upon at the Nyon Conference. Left to right, seated—Captain P. V. Philipps (Great Britain), Admiral Godefroy (France), Vice-Admiral Sir Philip James (Great Britain), M. Campinchi, the French Minister of Marine, who presided at the opening session, Vice-Admiral Pini (Assistant Chief of the Italian Naval Staff), and Rear-Admiral Raineri Biscia (Italy)

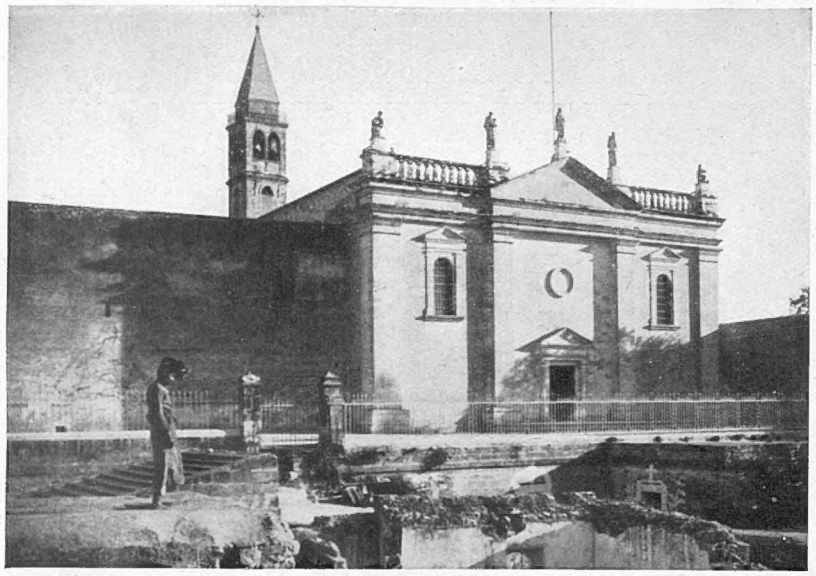
VITTORIO MUSSOLINI IN NEW YORK: The Duce's twenty-year-old son (right) in conversation with reporters at the Ritz Tower Hotel after landing in the United States. He was en route to Hollywood where he has since been engaged in hiring a technical crew for his new film company which is shortly to start work making pictures in Rome in conjunction with Hal Roach. His brother was reported this week to be fighting in Spain on behalf of Franco

A TROUBLED SUNDAY IN SOUTH-EAST LONDON: *Left*—Police removing a barricade placed across Long Lane, Bermondsey, by Communists wishing to obstruct the Fascists' fifth anniversary march, which took place last Sunday from Millbank to Bermondsey and was attended by considerable disorder and followed by no fewer than 111 arrests. Many people were hurt. *Right*—Sir Oswald walking down the ranks before the start of the march

NAZARETH FROM THE AIR: A view of the Palestinian town which was the scene on September 26 of the murder of Mr. Lewis Andrews, Commissioner of Galilee, and Mr. McEwan, a British police constable. These outrages, which took place following a service in the Anglican church, brought to a climax the reign of terrorism that began again with renewed violence after the publication of the Peel report, and to combat it the sternest measures have now been taken

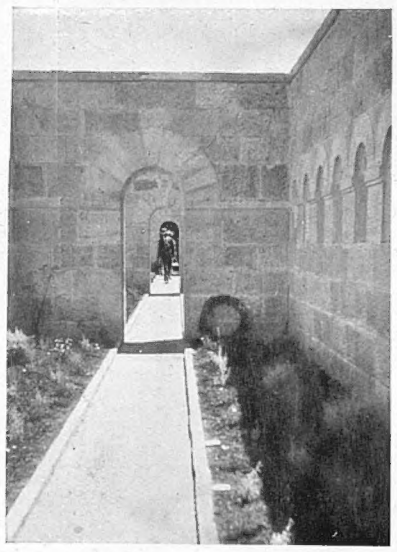


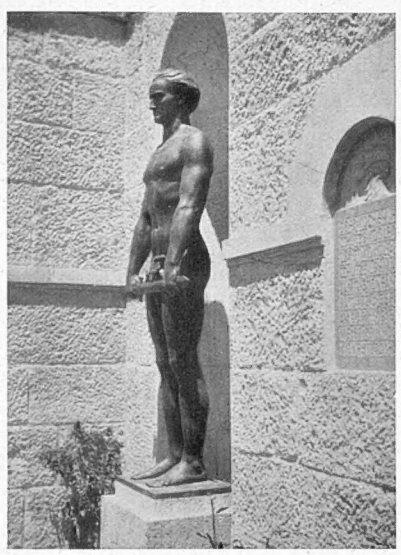
WHERE THE DEPORTEES WILL BE LANDED: The long pier at Victoria, island of Mahé, in the Seychelles, that isolated group in the Indian Ocean, 700 miles north-east of Madagascar, to which five members of Palestine's Higher Arab Committee have been sent following the outrages in Nazareth for which they were held indirectly responsible. The Mayor of Jerusalem has been deported, but the Mufti of Jerusalem has been spared this although shorn of all his offices



THE CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION, lying in the southern quarter, is built on the foundations of a crusader's shrine and is one of the sights of Nazareth, the town that has suddenly leapt into the news with the murder of the British officials

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, MAHE: The home of His Excellency Arthur Grimble, C.M.G., Governor of the Seychelles, who will be responsible for the safe keeping of the members of the Higher Arab Committee who have been deported from Palestine





THE GERMAN WAR CEMETERY, which was dedicated two years ago, is visited by many pilgrims from the fatherland. *Left*—One of the cloistered ways and (*above*) the bronze statue symbolic of German youth and of the warriors whose graves lie in this "foreign field." *Below on left*—A mission school on the outskirts of the town

VICTORIA'S MAIN STREET: Rickshaws and native runners in the capital of the Seychelles and (*below on right*) the court house and public gardens. The climate there is equable enough, and it is really the extreme remoteness of the island group that makes it an ideal place of detention for the Arab ringleaders

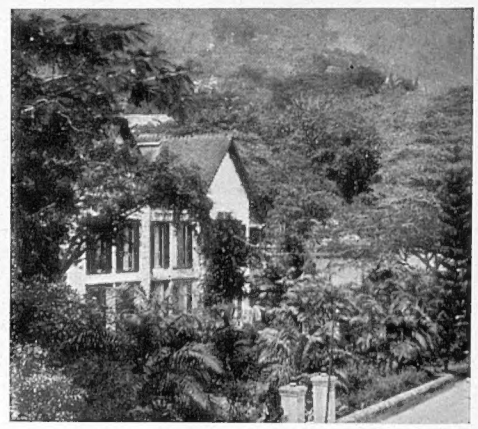
The Palestine Murders

NAZARETH

Where Arab Terrorism Reached Its Climax with the Assassination of British Officers

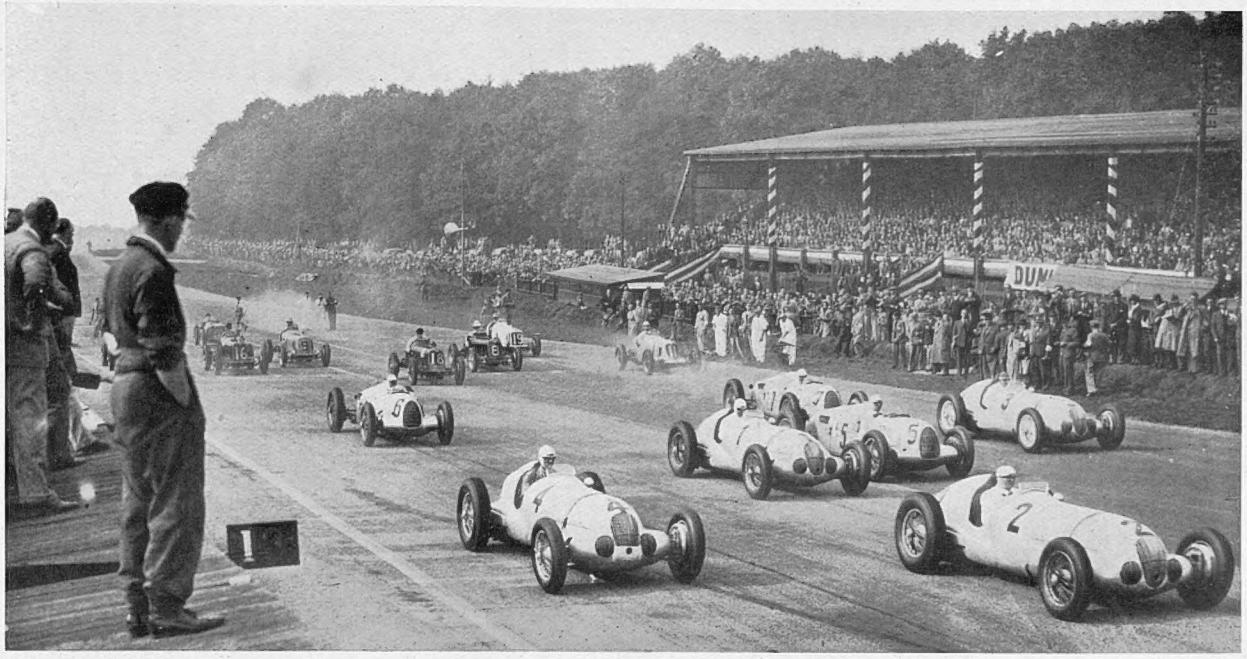
SEYCHELLES

The Island Group in the Indian Ocean to which Arab Ringleaders Have Been Deported



DONINGTON ROAD RACE THRILLS

Germany Triumphs in Exciting International Grand Prix Event

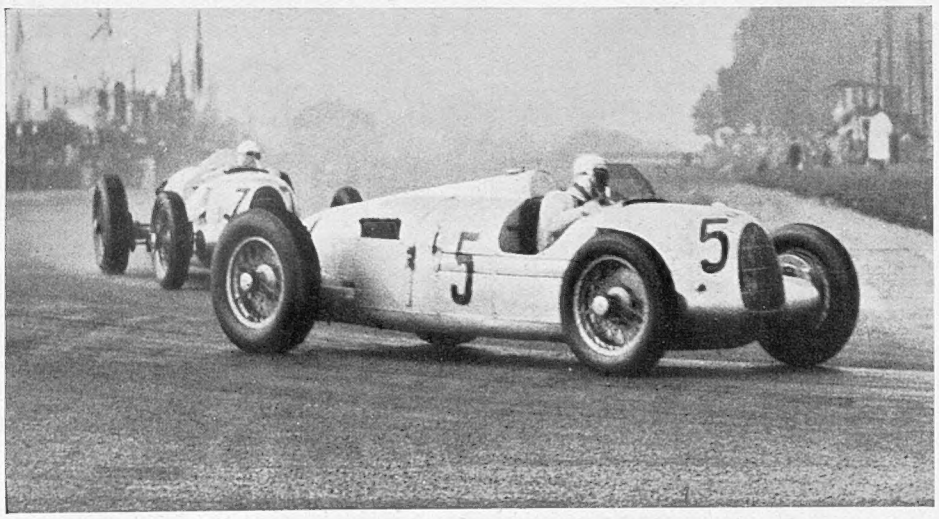


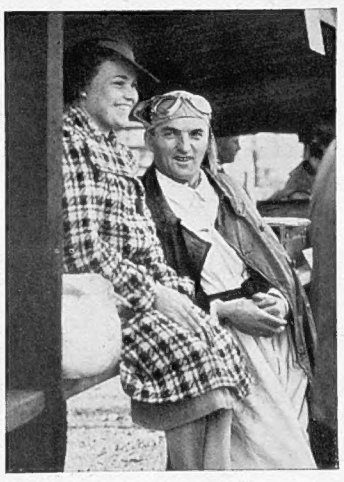
THE START OF A KEEN CONTEST: German cars leading the field as they gathered pace at the beginning of last Saturday's International Grand Prix held at Donington Park, Derbyshire, and won by B. Rosemeyer, of Germany, driving an Auto-Union (No. 5). It was one of the finest motor races ever seen in England and the vast crowd of 35,000 spectators was treated to thrill after thrill

VICTOR: Rosemeyer acknowledging cheers after his victory. Last year he was Europe's champion driver

TUNING UP BEFORE THE OFF: Mechanics busily at work on the German cars which achieved such a convincing triumph in last Saturday's Grand Prix, occupying the first five places. The speeds registered were really phenomenal and at times the leaders were travelling at close on 160 m.p.h. as they passed and re-passed each other in the straight, battling desperately for the lead

RUNNER-UP: Von Brauchtisch as he neared the finishing line in his Mercedes-Benz, and took second place after a gruelling drive. Several times he was in the lead, but it was Rosemeyer's daring that in the end decided the issue. *Below*—Quick work in the pits as members of the German team changed two wheels with battered tyres and forced petrol into the tank of Von Brauchtisch's car





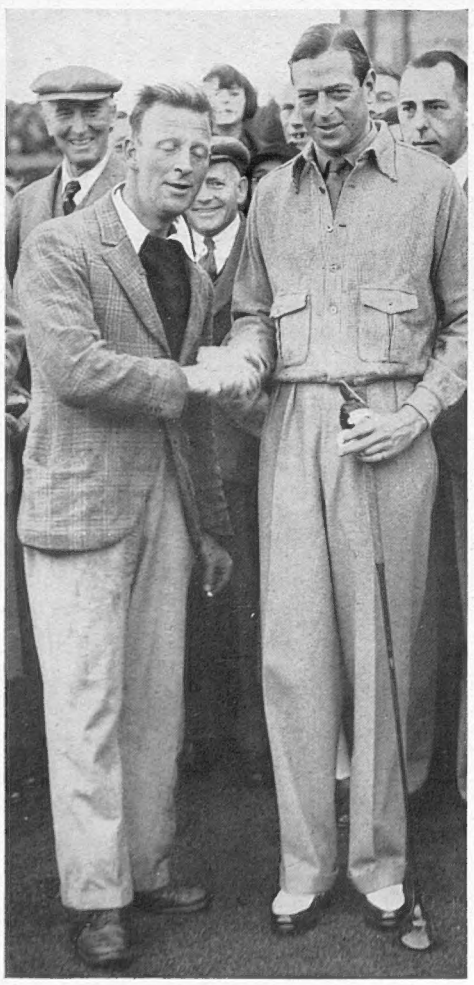
ROUNDING RED GATE CORNER: Bernard Rosemeyer, the winner, taking the perilous turn, closely followed by another car. His Auto Union, a specially-built machine, costing about £5,000, is capable of a road speed of around 200 m.p.h. Last Saturday he averaged 82·86 m.p.h. over the 250-mile course

PERSONALITIES AT DONINGTON: *Extreme left*—Dick Seaman (Mercedes-Benz) with Earl Howe (E.R.A.). *Left*—H. Lang, who held the lead in the first twenty laps, pictured with his wife. He drove a Mercedes-Benz

THE ISLE OF MAN'S NEW GOVERNOR: Vice-Admiral W. S. Leveson-Gower with his wife and daughter on the bridge of S.S. *St. Tynwald* before leaving Liverpool for Douglas to take up his new appointment. He has since been sworn in with traditional Manx ceremonial

AN OCTOBER WEDDING: Mr. Richard Lawrence Sykes, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald James Sykes, of Highfield, Hempstead Road, Watford, and Miss Nancy Bailey, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Bailey, of Lane House, Hale, Cheshire, pictured at the reception following their marriage a few days ago at St. Michael's, Chester Square

FROM LANGHAM PLACE TO WHITEHALL: Major-General A. G. C. Dawnay, former Controller of Programmes at the B.B.C., leaving for the War Office to take up his new appointment as Director of Public Relations. He will doubtless play a big part in recruiting



WITH THE CADDIE WHO RETRIEVED THE BALL: The Duke of Kent seen after he had played himself in as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrew's by driving off from the first tee. Standing in the background on the left is Sir John Simon, the retiring captain of the club

British Agriculture Takes Stock

With the End of the Farming Year an Examination of Facts and Figures Reveals a Rather Sad but none the less Very Far from Hopeless Picture

SEPTEMBER 30 saw the end of another farming year. Farmers "giving up" and new ones moving in, sale bills posted on barn doors, and the profits and losses of the past twelve months being weighed up. So far as the weather was concerned the season started disastrously, and at the time of the spring sowing thousands of acres were flooded or waterlogged. The summer made amends, but corn crops were light. Fat stock prices showed but little improvement in the year, but pork and wool prices were better, and the public drank quite a lot more milk. Speaking generally, however, British agriculture made very little real progress towards recovery.

The figures speak for themselves. On June 4 this year the total area in England and Wales under crops and grass was 91,000 acres less than on the same day a year before. The total of arable land showed a decline of 102,000 acres and was lower than in any other year since the war, and these figures become all the more ominous when it is remembered that the area of farming land in England and Wales at the present figure of 24,700,000 acres is 419,000 acres less than it was four years ago, and over 1,000,000 acres less than in 1925. This decline is in spite of what has been done for agriculture by successive Governments in the way of subsidies and quotas and of a growing recognition that the industry is of vital importance in the scheme of national defence.

Perhaps even more serious than the decline in cultivated land, and it must be remembered that much of the pasture is so starved that it is hardly worthy of the name, is the continual fall in the number of agricultural workers. They number approximately 631,000 to-day as compared with 715,000 in 1933, 774,000 in 1927, and 869,000 in 1921, a year in which some people said that agriculture had touched bottom. The decline in fifteen years has been 229,000, and as many of the men leaving the land are young the problem of skilled labour is becoming more and more acute. Further, once a man has left the land it is very difficult to get him back.

The farming picture is not wholly black nor is the outlook hopeless. Thanks to publicity campaigns, posters and press advertisements, and milk bars, the public consumption of milk rose by 15,000,000 gallons last year and dairy farmers benefited in consequence. Yet, as the Prime Minister pointed out the other day when inaugurating the campaign for better national health, far more milk should be drunk, especially by children. The home production of glasshouse produce, flowers grown in the open and nursery stock has increased steadily and is now worth more than £8,515,000 a year, largely because of the protection by a tariff from unfair foreign competition.

There is a ray of hope for agriculture in the growing public recognition of its vital relation to national defence and of its inter-relation to industry. The prosperity of industry and its ability to provide employment depends upon its ability to sell its products, and the farmers and farmworkers are a very important market. Every year agriculture needs large quantities of fertilisers, tractors, farm machinery of all kinds, internal combustion engines, water power and electric light plant, motor cars, sacks, ropes, twine, wire and wire netting, tar and creosote, cattle cake and millers' offals, paint and varnish, leather, drugs and cattle medicines, corrugated iron and tubular steel, bricks, cement, salt, glass, coal, oil and petrol, insecticides, tools and implements and dairy equipment. All these are direct or indirect products of British industry which is bound to suffer when agriculture is passing through bad times, as are the thousands of small tradesmen in the market towns.

Equally, the industrial workers are large consumers of food and beer. The British farmer does not produce for the export market, and his wheat, corn, hops, butter, eggs, cheese, milk, his sheep, pigs and bullocks, fowls, fruit, flowers and vegetables are for consumption in this country. When industry is prosperous, more beer and milk are drunk, more meat, eggs, and cheese are eaten. Prosperous industry means better times for the farmers; prosperous agriculture better times for many industries. The miner and the man in the cowshed, the steel worker and the labourer in the hop-garden depend upon one another more than they often realise.

During the last few weeks my work has taken me twice across the northern French plain and across southern Germany from the Rhine to the Czechoslovakian frontier and back. One cannot fail to be struck in both countries at the excellent and fertile condition of the soil.

There is not this same fertility and care for the soil in Britain. Many of our pastures are starved and full of weeds; last winter showed how much cornland is inadequately drained. If half the farms in the country put the equivalent of a year's rent back into the soil in artificial manures it would not be enough. The fertility of much of our farming land has declined year by year since the war because of lack of money to restore it.

This lack of capital has hung around the neck of British agriculture like a millstone for the past forty-five years. Death duties have broken up the big estates, closed down mansions, crippled landlords, taken capital out of industry to the extent of not less than £80,000,000. In other industries the loss of capital from taxation has been replaced by public investment, but who has ever heard of an agricultural issue on the Stock Exchange? Nevertheless, there is good reason to believe that a real revival in British agriculture is nearer than most people, even farmers, imagine, because of a coincidence of circumstances.

The Government realises that large-scale home food production is of vital necessity for national security and that only a highly organised industry can achieve maximum output. Thinking members of the public and industrialists in particular have the same realisation, and have come to see that agriculture and industry have one and not a separate economic entity. Big corporations, such as insurance companies, trusts, and banks seeking for new channels of investment are studying productive ventures in scientific farming. Given a fair chance, an efficiently operated farm with adequate capital can pay a fair dividend just as easily as an engineering works or a shop. Agriculture is still a great industry, giving a livelihood to 788,000 people and their dependents, and with a gross output of not less than £218,000,000 a year. It was the foundation of Britain's economic greatness. Surely it is not too much to hope that soon the clouds may roll away and the sun of prosperity shine on it once more.

J. Baker White

MOSTLY MAYORAL

The City Chooses Its New Chief Magistrate —Epsom Attains the Status of a Borough

A DAY OF CIVIC CEREMONIAL: Sir Holman Gregory (right), the City's Recorder, walking in procession from the Corporation Church of St. Lawrence Jewry after attending divine service there together with the Liverymen of the City Guilds. They then went to Guildhall to elect the new Lord Mayor of London, the choice falling upon Sir Harry Twyford

GREATER LONDON'S NEWEST BOROUGH: The Charter Mayor, Alderman J. Chuter Ede, M.P. (left), receiving the Epsom and Ewell charter of incorporation from Lord Ashcombe, Lord Lieutenant of Surrey, at last week's ceremony at Epsom

OXFORD'S BISHOP-DESIGNATE: Dr. K. E. Kirk in laughing mood at a clergy school he attended last week at Hertford College. He is well known in the diocese he is taking over, having been a canon residentiary there for some years past

SCHOLARS FORGATHER: The Earl of Elgin leading the procession to the Younger Hall for the graduation at St. Andrew's University, attended by notabilities from many parts of Britain and the Continent. The university is celebrating the 400th anniversary of one of its colleges, St. Mary's

SIR GEORGE BROADBRIDGE AND HIS SUCCESSOR: The present Lord Mayor of London (left centre) with Sir Harry Twyford (right centre) after the latter had been chosen to take his place at last week's meeting at Guildhall. Sir Harry, who is the Alderman of Cripplegate, has had an unusually interesting career. He is governing-director of George Brettle and Co., Limited, warehousemen and hosiery manufacturers, of Wood Street, and of Belper, in Derbyshire. As a young man, however, he had no such expectations. In 1886 he joined the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company, serving at Singapore, Hong Kong, Saigon, Penang, Foochow, Java, Sydney, and Nelson. Having in 1906 reached the highest position open to him as superintendent of the New Zealand station, he resigned. It was in 1913, on the death of his uncle Colonel H. R. Twyford, that he assumed the control of his present firm

EPSOM JUNKETINGS; The scene in the old market-place as the people of the new borough gathered to watch their Mayor receive the new charter of incorporation from the Lord Lieutenant of Surrey. A civic luncheon was afterwards held in Epsom grandstand and attended by some 300 guests

"THE WATERS RETURNED AND COVERED THE CHARIOTS AND THE HORSEMEN AND ALL THE HOST OF PHARAOH": An old engraving depicting the dramatic aftermath of the Israelites' Red Sea crossing, one of the Old Testament's major mysteries

IN THE STEPS OF MOSES

A Romantic Journey that had Its Inspiration in a Childhood Vision of the Ark of Bulrushes

BY LOUIS GOLDING

THEY used to bring a sporadic basket of washing to our house in Doomington a good many years ago, I don't think I can have been more than three or four years old at the time. For some reason I was quite alone in the house when they brought it on one certain occasion. The girl who brought it went off. We were alone, the basket and I.

My father was not in the room. But his presence was. His presence filled every cranny of it. Every Friday night for weeks now he had been telling us tales of the great Prophet, Moses, how he had been placed by the river in an ark of bulrushes . . .

The air shimmered and went white, white as a sword. The river Irwell flowed not many yards away, beyond the wire factory, at the foot of our street. The river Irwell flowed no longer. It was the Nile. The washing-basket was no basket. It was an ark of bulrushes. I toddled four feet towards the ark and ensconced myself among the sheets and towels. My sister, Janey, came in soon. She asked me what I was doing and I said: Hush! I was the Baby Moses. I said she, for her part, was Pharaoh's daughter. She entered into the spirit of it, and it was fine. But the elders came in soon, and they were rather stuffy about the sheets and towels. That, however, did not matter. I had begun my journey in the steps of Moses.

WHERE MOSES WAS BROUGHT UP AS A PRINCELING IN THE COURT OF RAMESES: The ruins of Memphis, weltering in the Nile overflow, that call to mind the early days of the great lawgiver

A whole generation passed. During that time I have made many journeys, of which the two most thrilling have been a journey as a sailor before the mast of Odysseus and as a tramp along the roads of Spain with Cervantes. It remained for me to combine in a Mosaic journey history and sublime poetry. You can imagine with what holy enthusiasm I accepted the invitation my publishers issued to me at the end of last year to continue my long suspended journey between the washing-basket in Doomington and Pharaoh's palace in Memphis.

The Pharaoh I am speaking of is Rameses II of the nineteenth dynasty, who lived some 1,300 years before our era. He is the traditional Pharaoh of the Oppression, but it can be further stated that it is the tendency of the archæologists now at work in Egypt, of those at least who place any credence in the Biblical narrative, to corroborate this identification. When Rameses was young his capital was Thebes in Upper Egypt. But he had entered his middle years by the time his half-Semitic daughter, Bint-Anath, discovered the baby Israelite among the bulrushes, and by that time he had moved his capital to Memphis, whose ruins welter in the Nile overflow some 14 miles up the river.

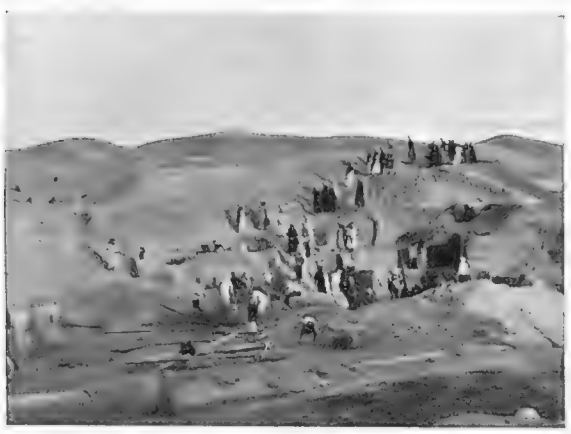
HEROINE OF THE BULRUSHES: This image of Bint-Anath, the half-Semitic daughter of Rameses II and rescuer of Moses from the Nile, is incised in the flank of the colossal figure of her father in Memphis

To Memphis, then, we fared, where Moses was brought up as a princeling in the court of Rameses. From Memphis we followed in his steps to the ruins of Heliopolis, where he went to be a student in the holy colleges. All that remains of Heliopolis now is a single obelisk among fields of corn and clover.

A SINGLE OBELISK AMONG FIELDS OF CORN AND CLOVER: One of the few remains of Heliopolis, in the colleges of which the young Moses learned so thoroughly his sacred lore

Legend has it that, his studies over, Moses went to learn the arts of war in the Abyssinian campaigns, but we did not feel the new authorities would be very convinced if we told them we had come to Addis Ababa to continue our pursuit of the Prophet Moses. We went straight north instead, across the lush delta country, which the Bible speaks of as the Land of Goshen, to a tiny mud village where the greenery peters out in a waste of marsh.

The name of this village is San el Hagar, which means San of the Ruins. The word San has an etymology as grand as Troy and Athens, and goes back to the beginnings of recorded history. San is the same as Tanis, which was a splendid city of marble porticoes in classical times. Tanis is the same as Zoan, that very Zoan we read of in the Psalms: "He wrought wonders (i.e., plagues) in the Field of Zoan." In other words, the Bible itself fixes for us the actual locale of the plagues, whatever their nature and origin were.



THIS WAS THE FIELD OF ZOAN which the Lord visited with the Ten Plagues. Now dusky excavators are at work there uncovering the royal city of Rameses II

I saw (as you may see for yourself) the Pillar of Cloud and Fire. I saw the great rock which Moses struck, but no amount of striking now will bring forth anything but echoes. I made the ascent of Gebel Musa, the Mountain of the Law, where the Prophet twice abode for forty days and forty nights, and received the two Tablets of Stone. But these were experiences of so exalted an air, it was not easy to breathe there long.

I came down into the valleys again. Beduin youths sang for me, and when they lit a pipe or cigarette they used a flint or tinder like men of the Stone Age. I saw the monks and hermits among their gardens, who had come to live out their days under the shadow of the Prophet's mountain. And at night, when I wrapped my blankets round me, my drowsy mind could not but recall the beginning of it all, the washing-basket in the dark little room in Doomington.

From now the tale of the weary wandering in the wilderness began, and we, too, drank of the bitter water of Marah which Moses sweetened "with a certain tree," and the proof that these are the same waters is the name thereof to this day, *Ayun Musa*, the Wells of Moses. And beyond the desert plains we came up upon the granite and porphyry mountains of the main Sinai massif, which are of all mountains in the world that I have seen, the most sublime in colour.

Here, truly, the traveller enters into the domain of miracle, and if I say that I saw a burning bush with my own eyes it was not because my eyes were hallucinated with mirage. Traveller upon traveller, since the pilgrims of the earliest Christian centuries, have recorded strange sights and sounds in that land. Moreover, too, I have eaten manna. Even so long ago as the first century A.D. Josephus, the Jewish historian, records the persistence of exactly such a substance as the Bible so vividly describes, in various remote valleys of Sinai.

IN THESE LONELY WADIS the manna-bearing accaxia still grows. In the morning it is on the ground, small, round, and like hoar frost. As the day advances it disappears

"Endeavour I" Sails Home from the "Blue"

UP CHANNEL IN A FAIR WIND: *Endeavour I* nearing Gosport under jury rig at the end of her adventurous crossing of the Western ocean

DRAMA and the sea ever go hand in hand, but the story of "Endeavour I," the yacht that braved the perils of the Western ocean and in the end, when hope was ebbing fast, emerged unscathed from her ordeal, is one of very special moment and one that will doubtless be told and re-told for many a year to come. It was on September 15 that "Endeavour I" broke her towrope in a hurricane while being brought back to England from America, where she had acted as "trial horse" for "Endeavour II" before the America's Cup races. The steel-cored 6-in. hawser snapped 120 ft. from "Viva" leaving 420 ft. dangling from "Endeavour," tugging down her bow. Search was made for her by warships and airplanes. Not a trace of her was found. Day after day went by without news until on September 23 it was reported that she had been located 200 miles south-east of the Azores. The Lutine bell was rung at Lloyd's, but the report was false. It was not until September 27 that definite tidings were received that "Endeavour" had been sighted 260 miles S.W. of the Fastnet. From then on all the world knew of her progress and when, at long last, she came to Gosport her welcome had all the nature of a triumph

CONTRASTS FROM CHINA:

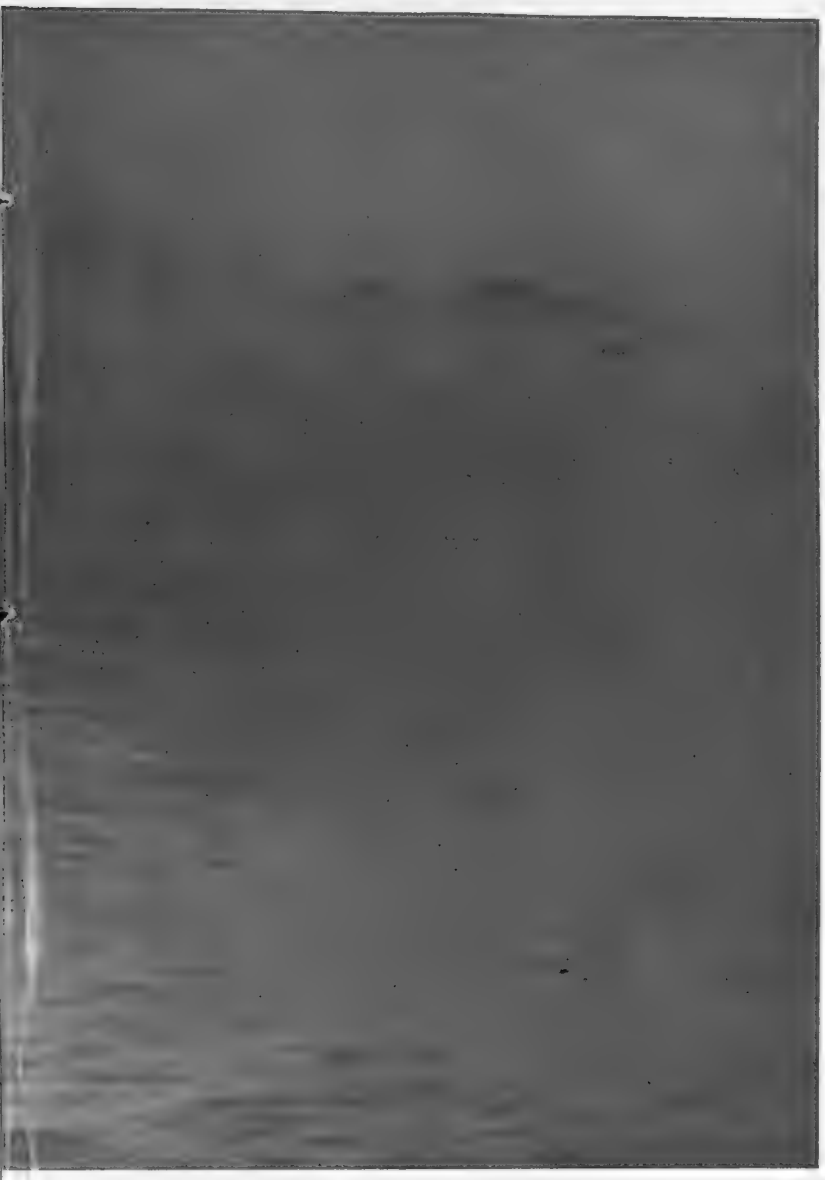
HE CAN STILL RAISE A SMILE though he is a refugee with a home destroyed by Japanese bombs and only grim poverty to look forward to. The Chinese are never greater than in adversity and are now facing this national testing time with a truly phenomenal courage

AS DAWN STEALS OVER THE WATER: The fishing boat's dark sails silhouetted against the misty background of sea and sky. A delightful picture from Hong Kong that is in strange and tragic contrast with existing conditions farther up the coast

On left—
THE PLIGHT OF THE REFUGEE is tragically epitomised in this picture from Shanghai where day after day bombs and shells take their dread toll of life and property, and more and more non-combatants are forced to leave their homes in search of security

On right—
PEACE HAS NOT QUITE DESERTED THE COUNTRYSIDE, and not so many miles from the seat of war rural life pursues the even tenor of its way

Nature at Peace, Man at War



GIVING THE LIE: A popular belief that "Chinese babies don't cry" can be effectively answered by the doctors and nurses who are toiling at the French Concession Hospital in Shanghai to give medical attention to the hundreds of refugees pouring in from Chapei, the devastated Chinese area of the city. Many babies are among the patients

NO PEACE FOR THE PYRENEES when the Tour de France, marathon of marathons among cycling contests, invades the mountain fastnesses, bringing in its train an army of enthusiastic spectators. It is for reasons other than this, though, that the peace of the borderland has been shaken, as Mr. Tuohy points out in the accompanying article

WATCH ON THE PYRENEES

The French General Staff Faces a New Problem as Fascist Shadows Gather on the Franco-Spanish Frontier

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THAN the Pyrenees in earliest autumn, there can be no lovelier experience or reëxperience all Europe over. It is nearly ten years since I felt them close, at this or any other time. Compared with freely slashing change elsewhere, they've hardly altered. Mainly a case of vulgarisation, as the French have it, at either extremity, notably Biarritz. The whole broad centre, 200 miles of rise and fall of Route des Pyrenées, wears much the same aspect, its inhabitants no less so, as at the end of the 'twenties. Peace and grandeur, "awayness," simplicity, such remain attributes of this mountain range dividing France from Spain.

Peace. That was the word one always associated with the Pyrenees, which could only be strode through, for comprehension and delight. The first escapees from the battle of Paris, after the war, took to the Pyrenees, and they were right. They were also the forerunners, a dozen and more years ahead, of all the "hiking" and camping and sunning, gay colours, shorts, and the rest, that are to-day inflicted upon you *en gros*. What has supervened has merely been a gross, mass travesty of something that could be quite attractive when indulged by a handful of those arty folk, away from whom all right-thinking people instinctively edge.

Peace. If anyone had suggested in the 'twenties that war would cast its shadow directly over the Pyrenees in the 'thirties; that bombs would be falling on Port Bou; that Andorra, happiest of cut-off havens, would be menaced and occupied; the great new Canfranc tunnel linking Pau to Saragossa, closed; an Italian general busy with a plan to descend on the French Basqueland; that the military governor of Irun would be taken off to Brest prison in respect of warlike conduct towards France . . . if anyone had started that brand of clairvoyance a decade ago, well, what *would* have been foretold for him or her?

In those days Briand and Stresemann were lunching tête-à-tête at Thoiry. And Primo was unchallenged master. Alone—curious to recover the fact to-day—Mussolini was shaking the musket aloft, visualising a sky darkened by Fascist wings, an ocean of glistening Italian bayonets. And now?

Proceeding from Mediterranean to Bay of Biscay, points of access over the Pyrenees, from now on engaging in varying degree the attention of the French General Staff, are eight in number: Cerbère (rail and road), Col de Pertuis (road), Bourg-Madame (rail and road), Andorra (road), Canfranc (rail and road), Col de Roncevaux (road), Col de Maya (road), Hendaye (rail and road). There are, of course, other passes, but quite minor. And when I instance the French Staff's roused interest, that is not tantamount to shaking another more or less immediate war bogy in your face. What it does mean is that General Gamelin contemplates a General Franco-Italo-German ascendancy in Spain, as an added military problem of the first consequence to France, the Pyrenees having long been Europe's closest to the disarmed American-Canadian border.

The still very powerful French General Staff will hear neither of Fascism nor of Communism. It looks things straight in the face professionally, and what it sees is clear enough. In the late war eventual sure reliance upon Spain's remaining outside the conflict enabled Joffre to add the equivalent of a couple of army corps to his effectives, men and material which would otherwise have been detained watching the unfortified Pyrenees from which, by the way, the three first French heroes came—Joffre, Foch, and Gallieni. In any future war, given a Fascist victory in Spain on the terms it at present looks like being won, the French watch on the Pyrenees would have to be as firm and keen as that along the Alps, if indeed not more so.

Actual incursion into France could occur in three zones. The Cerbère-Pertuis corner. Bourg-Madame-Andorra. And Roncevaux-Maya-Hendaye. The Canfranc tunnel entry could be easily neutralised.

Yet it is not, anyhow, at this stage, so much a conceivable invasion that the French are preparing to take into account, as the likely sustained menace that could eventuate from Fascist mountain works dominating vital country of the South-east and South-west; the debilitating effect this could bring; reopening of a chapter closed since the days of Soult.

After Franco has concluded the campaign of the North, in Asturias, three alternative theatres will offer in which he may resume offensive strategy. He may make another assault on Madrid, this time powerfully aided and directed by his non-interventionist allies. He may strike from Terruel to the coast, less than 100 miles distant, by which he could hope to cut off wavering (?) Catalonia from Valencia. Or he may concentrate on Port Bou, the same as he did on Irun a year ago, the new and glittering prize in this direction being the final territorial separation of France from governmental Spain, with all that that would entail. The belief down here in the Pyrenees is that he will select the last, and that that is why the Government has been "nibbling" in Aragon, forestalling what they fear.

Long-range guns subsequently installed in the neighbourhood of the towering Canigou could command an arc of fire covering the whole of the Pyrenées-Orientales and a good deal of the departments of the Aude and Ariège, also, naturally, far out to sea. Local sources of worry to France could be that the population involved is predominantly Catalan, that many war factories have in latter years been removed—for safety's sake—to this south-east corner, and that the bulk of French electric power is captured from the Pyrenees.

Coming next to Bourg-Madame, with which must be taken Andorra, the whites—white shadows—installed instead of the reds at frontier Puigcerda, would locate Franco on the spreading plain of the Cerdagne, 6,000 feet high, and fought for by Napoleon, among others. From this quarter radiate national highways down, down to Perpignan and Narbonne and Toulouse, with railways to Perpignan and Toulouse, that connect with Barcelona.

In passing, there exists a tiny enclave of Spanish territory—4 kilometres into France—from Puigcerda. No doubt this freak is blissfully nothing to-day, if nominally "Valencia." The odds are, however, that should a victorious Spanish Fascism move to take the enclave over—already nuisance enough—with its smuggling facilities, without in addition an aggressive new regime establishing itself on the French Cerdagne, the chances are that the French will politely request a rectification of the frontier.

It is not impossible that they may do likewise in relation to Andorra, which has been wholly occupied for a year by *pelotons* of Garde Mobile, to the exclusion of all Spanish policing presence.

What with frontier control, non-intervention, and other things, the smallest republic-that-was is in sorry enough plight. As latterly as 1923, one found it a kind of minor "Lost Horizon"; even in 1928 one still had—thank goodness—to tackle seven or eight miles of mule-track before striking the first road. "And then came exploitation," or civilisation, or whatever you like to call it. André Tardieu was in this case its dynamo, and very soon a Paris consortium had begun capturing Andorran power, which meant building a main road right through the little place, and the usual uglification; and goodbye Andorra.

"In any future war, given a Fascist victory in Spain on the terms it at present looks like being won, the French watch on the Pyrenees would have to be as firm and keen as that along the Alps, if indeed not more so"

BLASTING A NEW ROAD round a rocky spur of the Pyrenees, that traditionally peaceful natural frontier where Fascist shadows now hover uncomfortably and on which French attention is focused

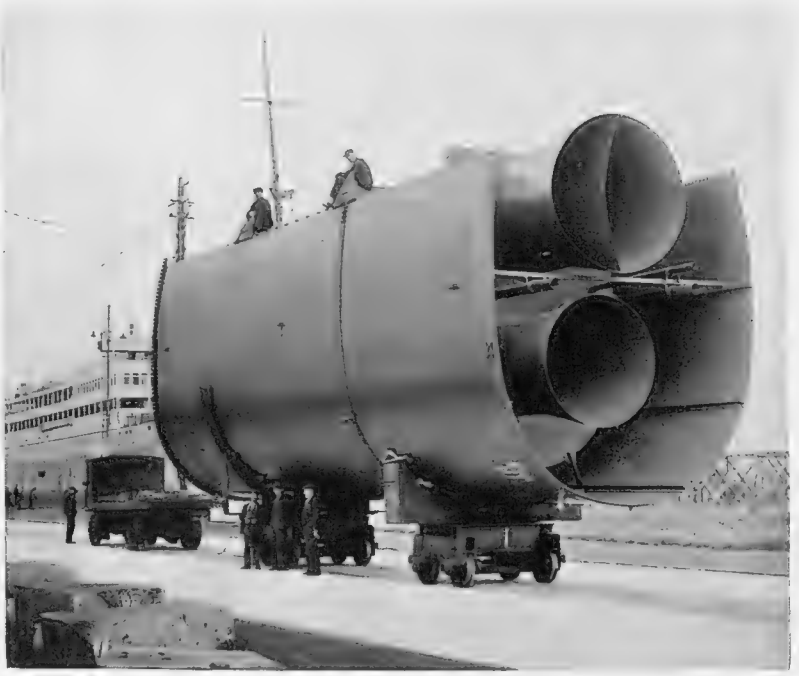
At that time the 6,500 population, very primitive, plain and delicate through interbreeding, poverty-stricken, and much dependent upon smuggling, bowed to a brace of co-princes in the persons of the French President and the Spanish Bishop of Seo d'Urgel. Since the Counts of Foix, 700 years before, this dual suzerainty had prevailed. But to-day the Bishop is in flight, in Italy, and President Lebrun's special representative, Colonel Baulard, alone carries on, as a sort of Viceroy established in Las Escaldas, the tourist centre where is also located the power station that lights most of Barcelona.

The Colonel has two problems, by far the most important of which is that of how to feed the inhabitants. It is this way: Andorra was linguistically, geographically, and economically united to Catalonia to which it sold chiefly milk, timber, and tobacco. It also got increasing tourists up from Barcelona, while there was profitable smuggling into both France and Spain. Andorrans got all their outside food and supplies from Spain, if only because the solitary Envalira Pass into France is snowed up for eight months in the year. But early this year Catalonia decided to sell no more to

(*Continued on page* 80)

BREAKING UP "L'ATLANTIQUE" : *And Other Items of Engineering Interest*

LAST OF A LINER: Workmen engaged at Port Glasgow in breaking up for scrap the one-time French luxury passenger vessel, *L'Atlantique*, which caught fire in the Channel in January, 1933, and, after being declared a total loss following months of litigation, was taken to Scotland. The metal obtained will prove invaluable in helping to meet the needs of Britain's steel industry



A LONGER LEASE OF LIFE: There are 26 tons of steel in this section of new funnel for the Union-Castle liner *Windsor Castle*, which is now being re-engined in Messrs. Harland and Wolff's Belfast yard. When the job is completed the vessel, which is one of the company's older ships, will be fully equipped to maintain the 14-day express service from Southampton to the Cape

THE FIRST MODERN ALL-ELECTRIC LIGHTSHIP to be built under the Trinity House replacement scheme has just been completed at Dartmouth and is ready to be towed to Harwich to supersede the present vessel at the "Tongue"

THE NEW WINCHESTER BY-PASS was begun in December, 1935, and is to be completed in the summer of 1939 at a total cost of £430,000. At this point it presents an unusual juxtaposition of road and rail

BEST YET: Josef Emmer (centre) and Marek (right) before taking off from the Olympia Meadow, Vienna, on a successful attempt to beat the altitude record for 3,000 cubic metre hot-air balloons. They reached 10,380 ft.

NEARLY TWO MILES HIGH: *Left*—The balloon in which Emmer and Marek set up their new altitude record, as it was leaving the Olympia Meadow at the start of the flight and *(right)* Emmer fitting on his oxygen apparatus

AUTUMN FLOODS IN GREATER VIENNA: A rescue boat at work in the swamped streets of the village of Inzesdorf, not far from the Austrian capital, a large part of which was inundated as a result of recent heavy rains

BELGIAN DRAMA

Domestic Upheavals of the Year Past Adumbrate Political Changes: Tired Premier and Masterful Finance Minister

By ROY ELSTON

BELGIUM is a land of domestic drama. The past year has seen the Degrelle versus Van Zeeland crisis, the Amnesty crisis, and the National Bank crisis. None of them has been satisfactorily overcome. Sound observers within the country fail to see how Van Zeeland can possibly stand the strain. They doubt if he has the statesmanship, let alone the health, to carry through tasks which need more than the international prestige he acquired through a series of fortunate accidents and the intimate friendship of his king.

Besides, his prestige is more than half gone. The Belgians themselves never wholly believed in it; they do not make and do not like heroes.

"Heroes must be forgiven a great deal—and the Belgians are not a forgiving race." "Anyway," said another, "it is typical of the Belgians to buy the soap that isn't advertised in preference to the one that has its virtues written over all the hoardings." A matter of cussedness—the only clearly defined characteristic of the Belgian unless, of course, you include the almost medieval localism of village, town, and province.

When the Amnesty Bill became law a few weeks ago, the chief newspaper of Walloon Liége at once hauled down the Belgian flag and substituted the Walloon. At such moments nationalism in its wider sense disappears and the term "Belgian" no longer has a very clear application.

"Our flag is like an extra blanket which we throw off the bed when the temperature rises!"

Temperatures rose perilously high during the amnesty discussions. No other question in modern times has so bitterly divided the Belgian people. It resolved itself, of course, into one more contest between the Walloons and the Flemish; but not in such a clear-cut manner as one might expect. I have good Flemish friends who opposed the amnesty, and good Walloon friends who risked much by supporting it.

The question is one which a foreigner cannot judge easily. The circumstances of the war in Belgium were such that many Belgians—and especially the disaffected Flemish—could easily be persuaded from the path of patriotism, some honestly, in pursuance of a conviction however wrong-headed, and some, no doubt, to save their skins and fill their purses—characters in a petty *kermesse heroïque*. At the end of the war, those whom the Government could lay its hands on were condemned as a species of traitor, and the recently introduced Amnesty Law was designed to restore normal status of citizenship to these people.

Well, the law has been passed and the subject had better be forgotten. The sectional ferocity it aroused in Belgium is hardly credible. More than one reputation, from that of the most exalted person in the land, has been damaged by amnesty passions. Van Zeeland lost ground: his handling of the problem was far from adroit. The famous Burgomaster Max of Brussels was not at all happy in his attitude to contending protagonists. The demonstrators themselves, on both sides, were more dramatic than dignified; and the tragedy of the problem was not less tragic because of an atmosphere of farce.

There might have been some excuse for amnesty bitterness if the problem had been fought out on moral grounds; but one suspects pure politics on the Flemish side and on the Walloon side a fretful passion reminiscent of the war. "We don't talk about it now. It's not forgotten; but a tacit agreement exists among us to let the matter drop—a sort of armistice." Both sides are still feeling the hurt of a merciless campaign.

Crises of this kind confirm the belief that Belgium is one of the most difficult countries in the world to govern. Armies of occupation have found that out again and again. Belgium's own political parties find it out every time they get power. Van Zeeland has found it out and has worn his nerves to threads in the process; and if Belgian portents mean anything at all there will soon be a new Premier to find it out. It should be interesting to watch De Man, the present Finance Minister. The various crises of the past year have not shaken the bulk of the country's faith in Van Zeeland's integrity. It is very clear that he lost more than he ever gained by accepting the Premiership. But it is probable that those crises have shaken faith in his statesmanship which had been lifted absurdly high rather by foreign report than by home consent; and it is plain that the present "national" Government is restive. If Van Zeeland goes De Man is his most likely successor. "He is the only man who could bully us and get away with it."

British army men may remember him as an intelligent and likeable liaison officer. Since the war he has driven himself forcefully into the Belgian Socialist movement. He is probably the strongest personality in Belgian politics to-day and is one of the few statesmen who stand some chance of fusing Flemish and Walloon interests into the unity which should be Belgium.

"De Man or anybody else, we shall go on believing ourselves to be badly governed—it is one of the few beliefs left to us, and we shall cling to it as long as we can." This was the comment of a Flemish journalist who was sheltering under my umbrella in a typical Antwerp downpour. The downpour may have had something to do with the comment. It rains pretty often in Antwerp. The whole of Flanders is for two-thirds of the year a soggy sponge pressed flat by sea-winds and darkened by gun-metal clouds; political views are sombre here—one thinks out national problems in terms of discontent.

The National Bank inquiry was almost at an end. It was clear that Van Zeeland would be exonerated from the charges brought under the leadership of that irrepressible genius of political guerilla, Degrelle; but disquieting facts had leaked out; the air of Brussels was full of rumour; among the crowded terrace tables along the Boulevard Max people flourished newspapers and shook their fingers at each other. There was a sense of scandal, however much whitewashed.

The night drew on. Brussels grew still. But the Socialist leaders were still closeted with M. Van Zeeland in a room of the National Bank. Would the Socialists repudiate the Premier? On the pavement outside, two or three journalists watched. The night was hot. Suddenly a window of the conference room was opened to let in some air, and the curtains, flung aside, released a beam of bright light.

For the journalists it was a dramatic moment. They could just see Van Zeeland seated at the head of the table, a writing-pad before him and a pen in his hand. He looked tired. He began writing slowly, as if each word were being spelled out cautiously.

At regular intervals a broad-shouldered man paced slowly by the lighted window, deep in thought as he sucked at an empty pipe. Farther back in the room sat Minister Wouters, his head and shoulders just visible.

The broad-shouldered man passed the window again.

"That's De Man!" whispered one of the journalists.

There was a curious sense of drama in the scene. Minister Wouters gazing tensely up the table; Van Zeeland writing slowly, as if he were taking down unwelcome dictation—or accepting the terms of a victor—too tired to protest. And De Man, striding up and down the room with that air of mastery . . .

Was there something symbolic in the dumb show to which they had just been witness? Something prophetic in the attitudes of the tired Premier and the masterful Finance Minister?

ART OF CHINA'S BRIDGE-BUILDERS

Age-old Structures of Rare Grace Threatened with Destruction

With Japanese bombers abroad in the land, ever aiming at dislocating communications, the threat to China's old bridges is menacing enough. This graceful structure at Peiping was evidently built on the principle that the higher the rise of the arch in proportion to the span the less intense is the stress

MAJESTIC IN DECAY: *Above and on right*—Two impressions of a bridge in the Western Hills, near Peiping. Although much of its stonework has fallen into the stream and it is badly in need of repair, it is still a striking sight with its portals surmounted by images. Towering on the hill-top is a pagoda

PARIS HAS A SCHOOL FOR PARACHUTISTS

Young Frenchmen Learn to Use the Lifebelt of the Air

HAPPY LANDING: A student of the School of Parachuting after making a successful descent. The school has acquired a large acreage on the outskirts of Paris, the landing field being flat and well suited to the purpose

WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN, but not necessarily with a bump say the instructors at the Paris School of Parachuting who are teaching young Frenchmen to use the lifebelt of the air. A pupil is seen having his gear adjusted

READY TO ASCEND: Students waiting for the start of a day's parachuting. The school is nothing to do with the Air Force, most of those attending it being owners of private planes who wish to be fully prepared against any emergencies

ALL'S WELL: Helping a parachutist with his gear after reaching the ground. *On right*—One man has just come to earth while another has his straps fastened. It is a nerve-wracking business at first but they soon get used to it

They Call It the "Flying Suitcase"

BRITAIN'S LATEST HIGH SPEED AIRCRAFT: The Handley-Page *Hampden*, nicknamed the "flying suitcase" by reason of its unusually shaped fuselage, running its trials in the neighbourhood of the Royal Air Force Experimental Station at Martlesham Heath. The fore part of the plane, in which are accommodated the crew and defensive armaments, is a deep rectangular metal construction, but aft its lines are unusually slender, thus affording a rather striking contrast that makes the machine extremely easy to identify from the ground. In the nose and behind the pilot's cockpit are "all glass" gun turrets

Charles E. Brown

THE VAST TRIANGULAR WINGSPREAD, into which are built the engine nacelles, is another interesting feature of the Handley-Page *Hampden* which, on account of its tremendous speed and facility in manœuvring, is described by its builders as a fighter-bomber. As in nearly all heavy R.A.F. machines the undercarriage is retractable, while it will be seen that the pilot's cockpit is placed well above the wings, thus giving an almost uninterrupted field of vision

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S HIG

The Little Republic's Fast Growing Army and Flyin

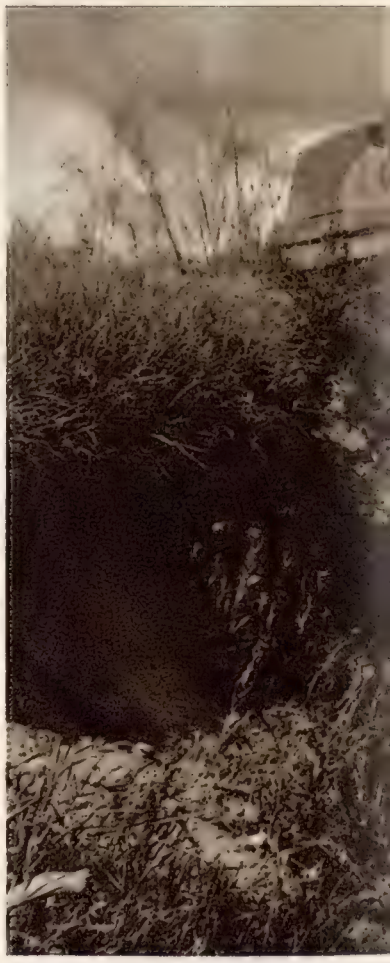
MOBILITY THE KEYNOTE: These motor units are one of the latest features of Czechoslovakia's army which during the past year has been developed on a gigantic scale, large sums of money being voted by the Government for the purpose of extending mechanisation to every division in the defence force

REVEILLE: Trumpeters, their banners adorned with regimental colours calling a camp to life during the recent large scale manœuvres which so amply demonstrated the up-to-date nature of Czechoslovakia's army. The little Republic, with its frontiers bordering on Germany, Hungary

STEEL-HELMETED CAVALRYMEN of one of Czechoslovakia's eleven regiments (comprising four brigades) of cavalry. Mounted troops are still considered of immense value in the country, particularly when operating in hilly districts where mobility is difficult for mechanised forces. The army's total strength consists of 180,000 men and altogether there are twelve infantry divisions

LUMBERING INTO ACTION: A mortar being hauled up a narrow lane during the manœuvres which were on a bigger scale than ever this year. Practically every unit taking part was mechanised

DUG-OUT DISSERTATION: Infantrymen resting during the manœuvres for which an elaborate series of trenches was built this year in order to provide practice in this type of warfare. The trenches are also intended to serve as permanent defences



OVER THE TOP: A Czechoslovakian tank in action. Like most of the Republic's mechanised units it was made in the country where the vast armament works are now operating at full pressure to meet the army's needs, having little time to spare to deal with the big export orders that once formed such a large part of Czechoslovakia's foreign trade

IGHLY MECHANISED FORCES

Flying Corps Demonstrate Their Efficiency During Manœuvres

Pictures by Captain Jiri Jenicek

olours, which army. ngary,

Poland, Rumania, and Austria, needs an immense force to secure its defence and the Government has taken the most active measures to ensure full preparedness in accordance with the policy of the late Dr. Masaryk, whose passing has been so deeply mourned. Last year a loan of £24,000,000 was raised

WARRIORS OF THE SKY: Members of the Republic's air force parading before taking off on a mass flight. Czechoslovakia has over 560 first-line fighting machines, and, in times of emergency, could muster a total of 800. The personnel numbered about 6,600 when the figures were last published, but there are doubtless considerably more men serving now

On right—WITH FIXED BAYONETS! A regiment on the march. Well equipped troops of the conscript force which draws its recruits from all members of the population between the ages of seventeen and sixty. Service in the active army is for two years, after which the soldier passes to the first reserve until he is forty and finally to the second reserve

THE RENOVATION OF A GREAT WREN CHURCH COMPLETED

Striking Changes at St. James's, Piccadilly, Bring Back the Old 17th Century Atmosphere of Beauty and Simplicity

HOW WREN INTENDED IT TO BE: St. James's Church, Piccadilly, as it is since its re-opening a few days ago after three months in the hands of renovators who, working under the direction of Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., have restored the walls to the original colouring and in a host of ways undone the work of mistaken enthusiasts in the 19th century who robbed the place of its old atmosphere and of its so much to be admired architectural clarity. The keynote of the new decorations is to be found in the treatment of the windows, the margins of which have been suppressed and the pictorial subject matter made more prominent

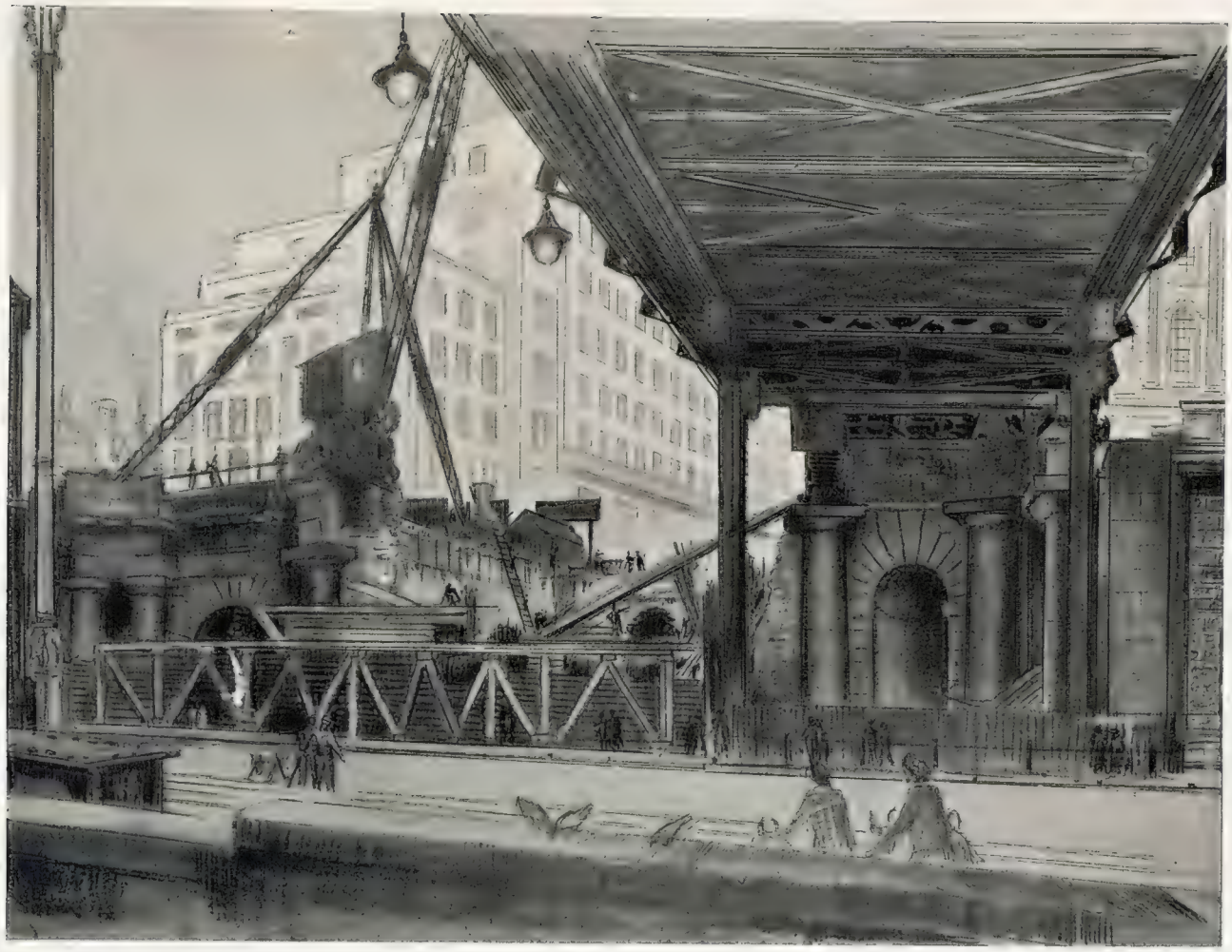
A COMPLETE TRANSFORMATION: This window on the south side of the nave, representing the Annunciation of the Virgin, is only one of many in St. James's which have been remodelled. The work has been done in really remarkable fashion, the heavy margins having been replaced with more transparent glass that lets in a sufficiency of light and at the same time brings into bolder outline the pictorial subject matter in the centre. The sky is also in a lighter tone and in this respect is now uniform with nearly all the church's stained glass

THE reopening of St. James's, Piccadilly, marks the completion of a renovation that will be noted with pleasure by all interested in the care of Renaissance churches, and it must be said that this genuine attempt to restore the interior of Wren's building to its original clarity has met with really remarkable success. Several innovations of a modern character have also been made, the church being re-wired for indirect electric lighting with the use of the existing pendants, and an entirely new heating system provided.

FEATURES OF THE RE-OPENED CHURCH: *Left*—The newly decorated Baptistry with its sculptured font—a Grinling Gibbons masterpiece. *Right*—This memorial tablet to Charles Cotton, angler and man of letters, has recently been set up in St. James's (where Cotton is buried) at the instance of the Flyfishers Club

Special SPHERE *Pictures*

MORE IMPROVEMENTS: *Left*—The great organ at St. James's, which was built in 1678 by Renatus Harris and was originally intended for the private chapel of James II in Whitehall, has now been thoroughly cleaned and gives a better tone than ever. *Right*—The new gates of wrought iron, made according to the design of Sir Reginald Blomfield, provide a most imposing entrance to the church



Drawn by Percy Home

THE END DRAWS NEAR: Little now remains of the old Waterloo Bridge, though original granite columns still stand on the right of the gaping gash that was once the Strand approach. Towering in the background is Brettenham House, and on the left is the now superseded tram subway entrance, which was made in 1908 by increasing the distance between two of the original Rennie columns. Running overhead is the steel bridge that has been in position so long that the word temporary hardly fits it

WATERLOO BRIDGE

Another Stage Reached in the Slow Agony of Its Demolition

TIME slips by in the matter of the slow removal of the last traces of old Waterloo Bridge. At the Embankment end work on the riverside pier was in progress in March 1936. This pier gradually vanished from sight, but on the other side of the roadway some masses of the ancient granite still remain, and between them chaos has seemed to reign supreme. Unseen work was, however, progressing with the new tramway tunnel, and a few days ago the first tram cars emerged from under a temporary wooden portico. One massive doorway to the east will have to remain for some time as it stands beneath the temporary steel bridge. The other, to the west, beneath Brettenham House, will have lost its function and will be a stage nearer demolition. At the south end of the old bridge some columns and abutments of the old granite structure still remain. Between them and the remains on the north bank stretches the empty river, and even to-day it is impossible to look on the site without a pang of regret for the vanishing of this great stone structure. How vast was the amount of granite employed in its building may be gathered from the huge accumulation of granite drums, capitals, and slabs at Harmondsworth and Isleworth. The stone is being used in various ways as our picture from St. Mary Cray, Kent, shows, and it is understood that the London County Council have various ideas for making use of the material from time to time. In the semi-official account of the new bridge which appeared in *The Times* of July 31 last it was stated that "some columns and other features taken from the old bridge" would be placed in such a position as to form a terminal group when the spectator on the north bank gazed under the soffit which will stretch between the twin-arch system of the new structure.

A MODERNISTIC STONEHENGE: Giant blocks of granite removed by London County Council from Waterloo Bridge to a site at Harmondsworth, Middlesex

THE NEW ENTRANCE TO THE KINGSWAY SUBWAY is now in use, the trams emerging from a wooden portico. The new Waterloo Bridge will be built exactly above this, and the granite stonework on the left will disappear

THE L.C.C.'s MIGHTY STORE OF GRANITE: *Above*—Rows of stone from Waterloo Bridge parked temporarily at Harmondsworth, Middlesex, and (*right*) some of it being used for building the new cemetery wall extension at St. Mary Cray, Kent. In course of time the London County Council will use up all the granite on various projects

FAMOUS FORTS

CONWAY CASTLE
Built by Edward I as a Royal Castle to help quell uprisings by the troublesome Welsh of that period.

The fair face of Britain was studded in former days with forts, dominant and impregnable. Today an overwhelming majority of British motorists wisely put their cars, their comfort, their comrades of the road and their sense of economy in the safe keeping and dependable stronghold of

DUNLOP Fort TYRES

C.F.H.

TWO NATIONAL TRUST AREAS LINKED IN STAFFORDSHIRE

Sir Robert McDougall Provides Funds for the Acquisition of New Acreage between the Manifold and Hamps Valleys

NEW GIFTS FOR THE NATION: These farm lands on the Beeston Tor estate in the lovely Manifold Valley, Staffordshire, which are protected by covenants with the National Trust, have now been linked with the Trust's property in the neighbouring Hamps Valley by the presentation of some acres of land formerly dividing them, thus consolidating the area. Funds for the purpose have been provided by Sir Robert McDougall, of Cheadle Hulme, and a number of other public-spirited donors. The London Midland and Scottish has also handed over land in the neighbourhood for preservation as a pedestrian track

SURE SIGNS OF AUTUMN: *Above*—Piles of beautifully tinted leaves are now being swept up in Hyde Park where the trees are fast shedding their foliage with the advancing season. *Right*—The red admiral is now very busily at work gathering in food to last him out his coming hibernation. Thus he will remain secure until the spring unless an unusually warm December or January day should trick him into the open air to end his butterfly existence all too soon

THE SHIPS AND THE MEN TO MAN 'EM

Our Bigger and Better Navy is Materialising so Fast that there are not Enough Skilled Seamen to go Round

Says CHARLES GRAVES

IF you ever feel any sympathy for anyone in the navy you should feel it at the moment for the drafting commanders at Chatham, Portsmouth, and Devonport, and the staff of the Personal Services Department at the Admiralty. These are the people who have to achieve the almost impossible task of finding ships' complements for an increasing number of men-o'-war from a more or less stationary number of ratings. All told, the British Navy consists of 200 sea-going ships of one kind or another, and to man these there are just over 100,000 ratings (including Royal Marines). At the moment strong efforts are being made to push this total up to 112,000, but the scarcity of skilled seamen is the bottle-neck of naval expansion.

It takes six years to make a seaman, which is twice as long as it takes to build a battleship. No wonder, then, that it is difficult to make the men go round. And that they must go round is no metaphor of speech. Every ship that goes abroad has to be recommissioned every two-and-a-half years. Most of those at home have one-sixth of their complement changed every four months. Those that do not conform to this rule have to be recommissioned in full every two years. In addition to this, of course, there are always new ships being built. In the past three weeks crews had to be found for both H.M.S. *Glasgow* and H.M.S. *Sheffield*, the latest thing in cruisers. Next month a complement has to be found for H.M.S. *Arethusa* at Chatham, and H.M.S. *Norfolk* at Devonport.

You might have thought that in view of the fact that at the end of the war the Grand Fleet had thirty or forty capital ships and 500 destroyers, compared with eleven capital ships now in commission and perhaps 100 destroyers, it would be easy to call out reservists. Unfortunately for the Personal Services Department, reservists who have done twenty-two years and have been retired on pension can only be called out in an emergency and those who have completed twelve years by Royal Proclamation. And this the Foreign Office would not look at. A few who have done twelve years have rejoined on short term service of three to five years, but it is nothing like enough. The other day at Chatham the Drafting Commander had to break up the depot band in order to help man H.M.S. *Sheffield*.

Yes, at the moment there is a dire need of skilled recruits, and particularly of cooks. At the depots, which have a number of important services to render, there is usually a surplus of men. Now there is none. Efforts are being made to try to recruit men of the artificer type from civil life with experience, because these only need eighteen months to lick into shape. But owing to the industrial boom there is a shortage in the civil ranks as well, and good wages and home life are a consideration. Furthermore, the Royal Air Force and the Army are also in competition with the Navy. The greatest care, therefore, has to be taken to make the men go round.

Indeed, the shortage is so acute, that if a ship comes in to recommission she has to give leave in two halves to her crew, one lot looking after the ship while the others are paid off. If a ship is going to be refitted, three-fifths of the crew are sent on leave. Then two-fifths return to the ship when their leave is over, while one-fifth goes to the barracks. Then when the new crew is ready, the remaining two-fifths are relieved and they in turn are available for other ships.

At the Admiralty I was shown a most interesting chart known as the Commissioning Forecast. For February the following notes are marked up. "Jason. One-half 8th D.F. Half China gunboats. One-third Cormorant. First and fourth S.M. Flotilla reliefs. Barham. Afridi. One-half Tamar. Zulu. One-half Medway. Shoreham." This, being interpreted, means that a full complement has to be found for H.M.S. *Jason*. Half the crew of the eighth destroyer Flotilla and half the crew of the China gunboats have also to be found. Similarly, a third of the men necessary for the depot at Gibraltar and reliefs for the first and fourth submarine Flotilla must be found, together with full crews for H.M.S. *Barham*, H.M.S. *Afridi*, H.M.S. *Zulu*, and H.M.S. *Shoreham*; and finally, half the crew of H.M.S. *Tamar* and H.M.S. *Medway*. All told, this means the finding of 2,900 men. But how is this done? Well, the Personal Services Department allocates to the manning ports of Chatham, Portsmouth and Devonport the numbers of men to be borne by the port and the ships they are to man. Thus in the case of H.M.S. *Arethusa*, there are required 200 seamen, signalmen, and wireless telegraphists; 140 engine room staff; forty marines and seventy cooks, stewards, supply men, artificers, plumbers, painters, blacksmiths, and writers, it is then up to the Drafting Commander of the Chatham depot to go ahead with his rosters.

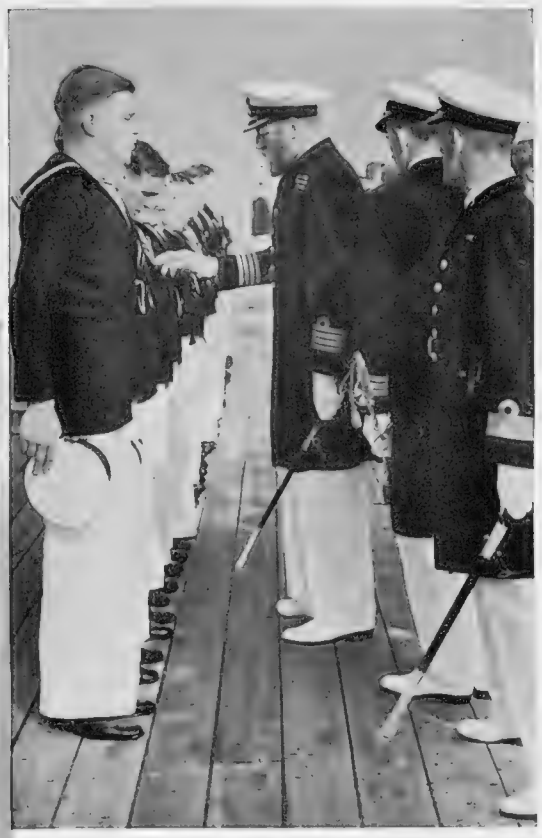
He has got details of all the men allocated to him—their recent and past service. From these he must select the men due for foreign service. There is nothing in the regulations to say how much foreign service must be done by individual seamen, but the drafting regulations say that each man must be taken in turn.

Before the war the average rating did six years with the Home Fleet compared with one of foreign service. To-day with half the personnel of the whole navy abroad, the rating can expect to spend a quarter of his service at home on shore, another quarter with the Home Fleet, and the remainder abroad. The average married man, incidentally, regards foreign service as a hardship, but this is not true of the junior ratings. And if someone wanted to volunteer for foreign service, he could easily get his wish.

Some stations, however, are more popular than others. These include the small and distant ones in Africa, New Zealand, and North and South America, where most of the time is spent showing the Flag and joy-riding. This is in contrast to the Mediterranean, where there is a big fleet and a lot of work to be done. In addition, the climate in the East Indies is pretty fierce, and the Persian Gulf is also unpopular for the same reason; while China is such a notable distance away that married men do not particularly like it. Foreign service, however, gives a man twenty-two days leave in the year, so that he can expect fifty-five on his return to Great Britain on full pay after his two and a half years service. During this time he is not available for the requisitions of the Personal Services Department.

BRITAIN'S LATEST CRUISER: The 9,000-ton *Sheffield*, built in reply to new Japanese and United States classes, lying off Sheerness before going to Portsmouth to commission. She is the most up-to-date unit in Britain's new and bigger navy which is growing so fast that great difficulty is being experienced in finding enough men to man the ships

LAUNCH OF THE "STERLET": The last of the twelve new submarines of the quick-diving Swordfish class, all of which have been built during the past seven years, pictured in the Medway after Mrs. Talbot, wife of Vice-Admiral C. P. Talbot, Director of Dockyards, had performed the naming and launching ceremony. The vessel has a tonnage of 670



SUNDAY DIVISIONS: Captain V. A. C. Crutchley, V.C., making his inspection of the ship and her personnel. A picture taken aboard the *Warspite* before she proceeded to Malta to assume the duties of Flagship of Admiral Sir A. Dudley Pound, Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean. She has just undergone a refit

But let us take the case of the men who have been detailed to a ship. As the time draws near they are told to report to the Detail for Draft Office, or whatever it is called, at the manning port. If they are going abroad they are put through a medical examination, given the necessary inoculations, and issued with hot climate kit. In any event they have to have their gas masks up to date and their kit mustered. When this is done they are given ten days leave. This is usually arranged so that two days after the end of their leave they join their ship.

Arrangements will already have been made between the barracks and the ship for the bags to be brought alongside, and a number of the key men will already be on board. These include the master-at-arms, the chief gunner's mate, the chief engine room officer, the writers, the cooks, the supply men, and the electrical artificers.

Meantime, the executive officer in the ship will have the details of the men prepared, from which he makes out provisional stations, bills, and watch bills. He then makes an extract of the duties and living quarters applicable to each rating, and puts them on the commission card given to each man on arrival. The men are then fallen in according to their divisions, and mustered so that they can identify their own officers and petty officers. They are sent next to their messes and accommodation.

The executive officer then instructs them to stow their bags in their proper places, tells them to sit down, sees that all of them have got their proper lockers, and know their billets for slinging their hammocks. This done, he gives them a hot dinner, which is always a good start. From then onwards everything should be literally plain sailing.

Many of the ratings will have been shipmates previously in various types of men-o'-war. For with the exception of submarine crews, who are highly specialised, no real effort is made to keep men who have served in destroyers to this category of ship, nor men who have served in battleships to battleships, for example. There is, it is true, a theory that what is called "conservation of experience" should be adopted where possible. In other words, that it is a waste to put battleship men into light cruisers and vice versa. The other school of thought believes in the long view, and that every rating should be completely versatile.

In addition to submarine crews a few ratings attached to the Fleet Air Arm are specialised, and there are bound to be a number of tradesmen-ratings who must always remain in the big ships because there is no place for them in destroyers. Generally speaking, the older seaman prefers to be in a destroyer than in a battleship. He knows that the personal comfort will be less, but that he will not be chased up and down by the drill sergeant so much as he would be in a battleship. He also knows that he will have more responsibilities and more interesting duties.

Of course all seamen like new ships because the accommodation is always improving, but they can also be highly superstitious. A case in point is proved by H.M.S. *Devonshire*. A replica of Drake's drum was given to the ship by the county. Unfortunately it preceded a number of minor disasters, including an explosion in a turret which had fatal results. The men did not like it at all. The captain asked to have it removed to the barracks. At the barracks he was told that it was not wanted because by this time several of the crew of H.M.S. *Devonshire* were stationed there. Finally it was put in the barracks chapel and the parson was told genially to exorcise it.

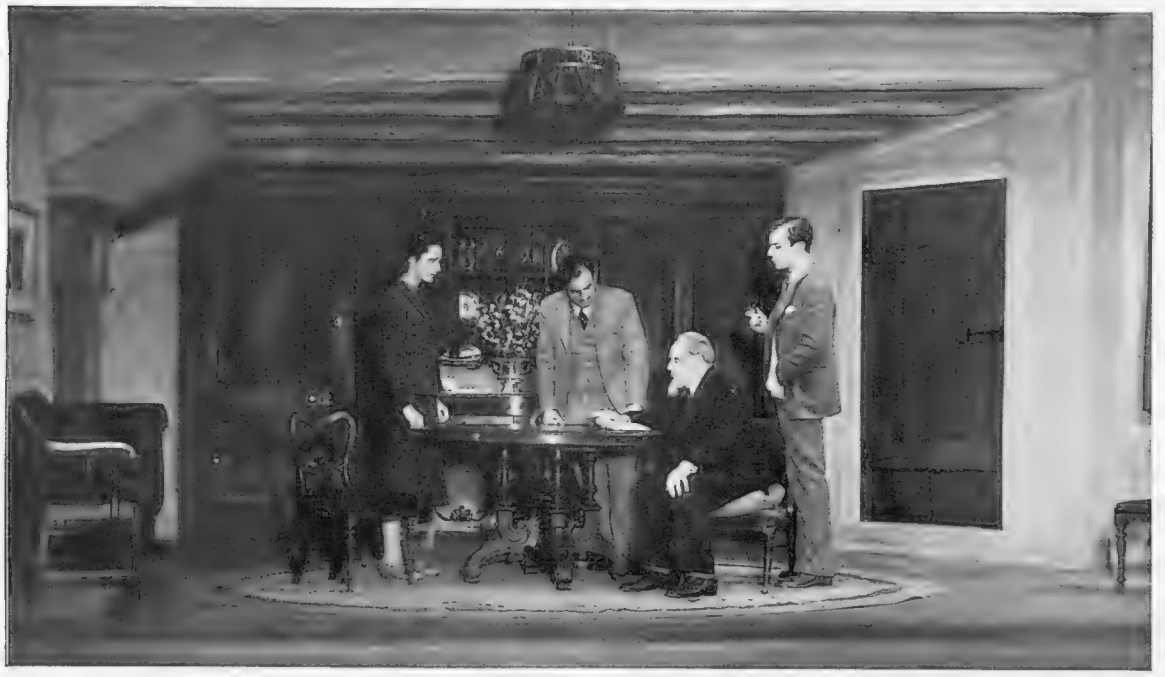
Well, there you are. Due to the years of economy the British navy is for the time short-handed. Ships are being built faster than the men to man them can be trained, and it will take at least two years before the personnel can catch up with the armament programme.

SAILORS ON DRAFT to other ships in the Navy arriving at Malta in H.M.S. *London*, having travelled out as passengers. This is a frequent practice when vessels are recommissioned abroad

"BRIGHT WORK STATIONS": Cleaning up H.M.S. *London* as the vessel was on her way out to the Mediterranean after recommissioning at her home port, Portsmouth. How the new crew is taken on is described by Charles Graves in the accompanying article

AT THE START OF A NEW COMMISSION every member of a warship's crew has to be weighed. The Physical Training Instructor (always known as the P.T.I.) is operating the scales

J. B. PRIESTLEY'S TOUR DE FORCE: William Fox, Lewis Casson, and Patricia Hilliard in that brilliant play *I Have Been Here Before* which has just started its run at the Royalty Theatre. Mr. Casson plays the part of a German professor who realises that in their past lives a tragedy was enacted by the very same people collected at a country inn at which he is now staying. He attempts to avert a repetition



"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE": The guests at the country inn listen with varying emotions to the German professor's remarkable avowal on the time theory. Another scene from Priestley's new play

POLA NEGRI'S NEW FILM: As she appears with Werner Schaff in the German picture *Maaame Bovari. On left*—Marius Goring and Anna Konstam have leading parts in *The Last Straw* at the Comedy

DRAMA *of*

THE little comedy, *People in Love*, is a preposterous but yet rather a good one, and its transference to the Ambassadors Theatre for a run after a preliminary canter at the Arts in the spring should be justified.

I call it preposterous for not even in the most riotous farce, where probability is neither desired nor expected, have I been asked to suppose that an attractive young widow would pass off as her fiancé the man who entered her flat in the small hours to pocket her jewels. Not only does he actually pocket them but gives them back to her, not in a fit of honesty but in a fit of pique, and with a fine show of moral indignation. The result is that he is treated to sandwiches and whisky and the couch in the lady's drawing-room to spend the night on, instead of the Embankment, which was his habitual dormitory and, finally, is awarded her true devotion coupled with her hand in marriage and a happy ending.

Served up with sentiment other than of the very lightest brand this would have been mawkish and unpalatable stuff. Fortunately the author, Mr. Arthur Reid, has a neat and pretty wit, of so good a brand on the whole that he really need not have brought down the curtain on his first act with a reference to what is usually the smallest room in the house. Since this line was greeted with a peal of laughter it may be justified, though I do not agree. There is more than one play running in London at the moment which plumbs—plumbing seems to be *le mot juste*—school-boy depths in this fashion. A pity.

Miss Greta Nissen, known in London hitherto only by revue appearances, though she toured the provinces in Doris Keane's part in *Romance*, looked as lovely as half-a-dozen film stars put together, though not so large. She has a most delicious sense of sly fun about her and her Scandinavian accent is as attractive as Teutonic accents are the reverse.

Mr. Cyril Ritchard did not look as if he had been sleeping on the Embankment; nor did he look as if the greater part of his stage career had been concerned with lifting a dancing partner about in musical productions, for he has a gift of smooth and delicate comedy. Miss Ellen Pollock, as a jabbering nit-wit of a woman, played for laughs and got them and Mr. Henry Hewitt as a bland banker called Armand (how does a banker in an English play come to be called Armand?) also pleasantly added to the fun.

Sadler's Wells reopens.—Many people are inclined to regard Sadler's Wells as a useful place to fall back upon when Covent Garden is closed and as a sort of promising chapel-of-ease ("quite good, you know, considering etc.") when Covent Garden is open.

That is hardly fair to a most interesting enterprise. The Wells ballet has many things to be proud of, one of them being that it seems to have kept its head in spite of the frenzied and quite undiscriminating adulation of its regular admirers in the cheaper parts of the house. Enthusiasm is an excellent thing and I would not say that these young English dancers do not deserve plenty of it. But those roars and yelps and screams and clappings which greeted almost every step of every stepper were evidence not of enthusiasm but of mass hysteria.

The Wells folk are now challenging comparison with Covent Garden not only by having an overlapping season but by performing some of the ballets in the Russian repertoire. There is no reason why they should not; but there is no reason why I should not draw a comparison on my own account, with a verdict emphatically in favour of the Russians. None the less, in *Le Lac des Cygnes*, which is one of the works given by both companies, Miss Margot Fonteyn, of the Wells, danced exquisitely and Mr. Harold Turner showed that he has technique in plenty.

The Wells have a great asset in Mr. Frederick Ashton, who has a sense of humour, which I first noted in his amusing Edwardian ballet in a Cochran revue. His suggestion of skating without skates in *Les Patineurs* is both clever and quaint. The best part of *Pomona* is Mr. Constant Lambert's music.

"Le Coq d'Or."—The Covent Garden ballet season is drawing to a close and the company sail for New York soon. Their final effort, for the time being, has been a most ambitious one—Rimsky-Korsakoff's satirical opera, *Le Coq d'Or*, performed entirely as a ballet. Although to produce a satirical opera without a word being sung is almost comparable to listening in to a beautiful sunset, this is on the whole a satisfactory affair and beyond any doubt a remarkably colourful one. The vivid reds and pinks and blues of the costumes and *decor*, brought back memories of the old Bakst gorgeousness; the paint of medieval Russia was laid on inches thick, and I have never seen so many beards on the stage at the same time in all my life.

the WEEK

Greta Nissen's Sense of Fun: People Who do Sadler's Wells Scant Justice: Le Coq d'Or, Covent Garden's Fine Final Effort of the Ballet Season

BY PHILIP PAGE

As a spectacle, though it is too long, *Le Coq d'Or* succeeds. But the satire is almost wholly lost, though the work is mimed opera rather than ballet, and as such is constantly in danger of falling between two stools. Indeed, in the first part it does thus fall, for there is here no dancing to speak of, and even the exquisite poises and gestures of Mlle Riabouchinska as the golden cockerel itself could hardly be called dancing, which made them the more tantalising. Later on Mlle Baronova, as the Oriental Queen, Scheherazada-ed about a bit, with, of course, infinite grace and agility, and the *corps de ballet* were allowed to grow more balletic. M. Platoff (incidentally, a young American in his early twenties), as the fat, doddering King Dodor, showed that he is a fine character-actor and comedian as well as one of the best dancers in the troupe.

I should like to pay a tribute to the splendid way the orchestra played that difficult music at the performance I attended; for this was not the regular ballet orchestra—the London Philharmonic, which had gone northwards for the Leeds Festival—but a newly-collected body whose opportunities for rehearsal had, I gather, been limited.

"Mr. Gladstone."—Last week's Queen Victoria play—for the Great Queen is now being represented afresh on stage or screen about once a week with bewildering regularity—was labelled *Mr. Gladstone*, and it was produced at the Gate Theatre.

The Queen here is not made to show her usual strength of character, which was, of course, not the fault of Miss Josephine Middleton who plays the part well and has a tolerably life-like make-up. Disraeli, in the person of Mr. Alan Wheatley, goes through his now familiar "act" of kissing the royal hand and displaying Orientally fulsome flattery. This is not, by the way, the first time (as I have seen stated) that Disraeli and Gladstone have been represented on the stage together. Both appeared in *Dizzy*, a remarkably interesting play by Mr. Tom Pellatt at the Westminster Theatre a few years ago, with Mr. Ernest Milton (who is now the Disraeli of *Victoria Regina*) in the title-role.

For those who like to take fairly recent history from the stage rather than from books *Mr. Gladstone* serves well enough. Mr. William Devlin plays the Grand Old Man with great distinction, as he played recently another Grand Old Man, King Lear. The part is not, however, written with any great distinction. Then we see Joseph Chamberlain (yes, I have seen him on the stage before—burlesqued in a Gaiety piece), a good portrait by Mr. John Abbott, and Hartington (the late Duke of Devonshire) in the appropriately aristocratic person of Mr. A. Scott-Gatty. Also we have Mrs. Gladstone, portrayed by Miss Marden Vanne, who appeared with another Gladstone in the *Parnell* play, though she was not then married to him: I should hasten to add that in that play Miss Vanne was quite a different character.

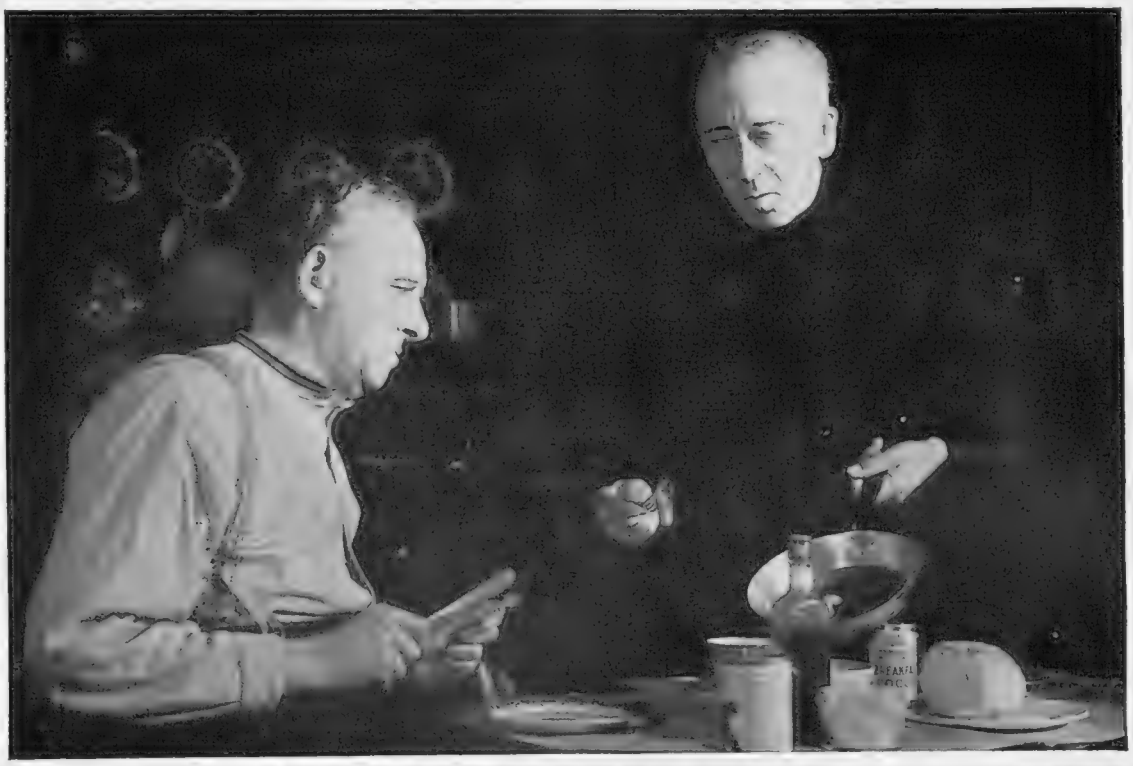
Parnell bobs up again and General Gordon makes, I think, his stage debut, as does John Morley.

It was interesting to see these dramatic pot-shots, as it were, being made at Victorian celebrities and not a moment of the evening was tedious. But as a play *Mr. Gladstone* does not cut much ice.

"The Last Straw."—Wolfe Guldeford was, it seems, one of those unfortunate youths born to be bullied. At school they dropped hot candle-grease on him and pretended to bury him alive. At Oxford a gang of drunken fellow-undergraduates—lewd fellows of the baser and more athletic sort—invaded his rooms in college one night when a Commemoration Week ball was in progress, smashed his furniture which was precious in more senses than one, donned his silk pyjamas (which were not such as are worn by he-men) and broke to smithereens a glass cup which had been in his family for generations, the family luck depending on its remaining intact.

From which it may be gathered that Wolfe Guldeford, the central figure of *The Last Straw* at the Comedy, was of the type which, if bullying is in the air, "asks for it." He was, in truth, a nasty, effeminate, self-centred little creature, rotten with conceit, who considered himself far cleverer than anyone else, though he never went further than dabbling in anything and was a *dilettante* of the most noxious brand. (*Continued on page* 80)

SAM HIGGINS HAS HIS DOUBTS: The lighthouse keeper (Gordon Harker) suspects Jennifer Knowles (Edna Best) is a Russian spy and is even more suspicious when he discovers her fitting up a transmitting set. This is one of the big moments in the comedy thriller, *The Phantom Light*, at the Haymarket



"NONE OF YOUR SMOOTH BANANAS—EVERYONE OF THEM WITH THEIR STUMMICKS BUSTED," says Sam Higgins (Gordon Harker) as he shares his sausage supper with his fellow lighthouse keeper (Herbert Lomas). Another scene from *The Phantom Light*, a typical Saturday night entertainment packed with dramatic situations

On right— HISTORICAL POT POURRI: The passing of Madeleine de la Tour d'Auvergne (Renee St. Cyr) in the French picture *The Pearls of the Crown* which starts its London run at the Curzon on October 13. It traces the story of some royal pearls through the ages, in the process introducing many great ones of the past to the screen

TREFOREST'S GOVERNMENT-AIDED TRADING ESTATE READY FOR ROYAL OPENING

A New Centre of Industrial Activity Comes Into Being in South Wales - Inauguration by the Duke of Kent on October 20

GIVING WINGS TO THE DEPRESSION: Men at work building the new 80 ft. road which when completed will run the full length of the Treforest Trading Estate, that big enterprise which has been brought into being by the Government in the South Wales Special Area north of Cardiff and which has as its object the starting of new industries to ensure the future prosperity of the immense population living in this part of the Principality. Already ten factories have been let and negotiations are almost complete for six more, makers of paper, chrome leather, toys, toilet articles, and a number of other commodities being among those represented. Last week the estate was visited by Sir George Gillett, Special Areas Commissioner, and on October 20 the foundation stone will be laid by the Duke of Kent

THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR TRAINING CENTRE now being built on this site on the estate will prove invaluable in preparing young men and women of the neighbourhood for the specialised type of work they will be called upon to do when they get a start in the new factories

JUST A BEGINNING: The present headquarters of the Treforest Trading Estate standing in the centre of the area on which a number of factories have already risen and still more will follow when the ground has been properly cleared. The Government feels that South Wales has had to rely far too long on coal and steel alone for its prosperity, and is offering especially attractive terms to manufacturers establishing plants at Treforest. The estate is not operated for profit, but it is hoped that one day it will pay its way

South Wales has emerged from one of its regular depressions with startling rapidity, but the Government has wisely realised that a relapse is always a probability, and what are really essential to secure the future are new industries. Now this theory finds practical shape in the Treforest Trading Estate which is to be opened on October 20 by the Duke of Kent. This enterprise, started at the instigation of the Commissioner for the Special Areas, is owned and managed by a non-profit-making-company financed by the Government and, as a result, is able to offer such favourable terms to manufacturers that it is well worth their while to establish themselves there. Already 16 companies have taken advantage of these facilities and before long all will doubtless be drawing freely on the local labour market, giving employment and high wages to people who for a decade or more have known only too tragically the meaning of want and all that it implies. Treforest is admirably situated from a commercial point of view with good rail connections and the big advantage of proximity to the well-equipped South Wales ports

A QUICK WORKER: This curious implement, known as "the scraper," is being employed on the estate to level the ground for the new factories. It can deal with about six hundred and fifty tons of material a day, gathering it up and depositing it in a series of dumps

TREFOREST'S PIONEERS: Young women at work in the second of the factories to reach the production stage. They are making toys for the Christmas market and day by day are becoming more expert in their jobs

WHEN THIS £70,000 PAPER MILL REACHES THE PRODUCTION STAGE a large number of hands will be taken on and South Wales will have yet another new industry

THE WANDERING TAFF: Where the river passes through the north end of the estate, not far from populous Pontypridd. The country here is wild, having something of the grandeur of Scotland in its aspect

NEW CENTRES OF INTEREST

Paris piles trimmings above the waist, plays boldly with colours and furs, and likes draped simplicity

THE first breath-taking days of the autumn fashion shows are now over, and already things are settling down. One is able to pick out the things that are being bought—which are usually entirely different from those that are being talked about. And from a welter of impressions emerge those lines and those details which are destined to be important during the next few months.

The first thing about which one can be quite certain is that nothing is so dead as last year's clothes. The difference lies not merely in details and in colour but in the actual line and in the whole feeling of every type of dress, whether they are made for the day, for evening, or for sports. Right through every collection, like a fresh breeze, blows a host of new ideas. Everywhere there is a feeling of richness, of elaborately subtle simplicity, of allure and charm.

Day coats show three distinct silhouettes. There is the slender-waisted redingote; the straight, tubular coat, top-heavy with fur; and the coat with all the fulness at the back. For sports wear there are also loose full-length coats with the fulness gathered together between the shoulder blades.

Suits, which are worn for the most formal parties as well as for shopping expeditions, are mostly narrow waisted, with curved fronts and gently flared skirts, though some of them have half-length box coats. Many are lavishly trimmed with silver or blue fox, and others have elaborate encrustations of fur or of velvet massed above and about the waist.

Day dresses, the sort that one wears right through the winter beneath a warm coat, defy description, but every one of them has some sort of drapery about the bosom and quite a few have it as well at the front or the side-front of the skirt. Sketched at the right of this page are some of the outstandingly successful bodices of this season,

Marcel Rochas, using colour with his inevitable sureness, drapes the bodice of the black crêpe dress in the far corner and bands it with kingfisher blue, cerise, yellow, green, and purple, these colours appearing again in the corselet belt. Lucile Paray, sharing with Maggy Rouff a liking for a closely fitted sweater line, makes a prune coloured afternoon frock, simple to the point of severity, and widely bands the hips with velvet to emphasise the low, unmarked waist.

One thing that makes this year's frocks entirely different from those we wore last winter is the amount of soft drapery about the neck and bosom, and the trimmings that are massed between the shoulders and hips

Paquin's magnificent evening coat of American marten, the soft skins worked both horizontally and vertically

Lelong's beautiful dress in white satin and tulle, the step formation accented by flat golden rings

Maggy Rouff's exquisite black sheath, gauged at the waist, with a corsage in brilliant colours strongly contrasted

Mainbocher does the almost impossible and evolves something really new in sweaters, using a soft wool jersey and draping it very lightly into the line of the raglan sleeves and into the diamond shaped empiecement at the waist. He likes these sweaters worn outside skirts and makes them in exactly the same shades as the tweeds they accompany.

Next comes a black silk afternoon frock, draped about the neck, and laced with braid across the bosom to show a cerise silk underblouse, the braid being used again round the hips. Alix uses her favourite black silk jersey for the fifth frock, controlling the exquisite drapery by a very long bar brooch.

So much for day frocks, but the sketch is completed by Chanel's white and silver brocade bodice, boned and fitting as close as a second skin, in piquant contrast to the billowing skirt of white tulle.

There are many romantic evening frocks, full skirted and lightly draped about the bust, with only the most fragile shoulder straps to hold them up. There are also sheath like evening frocks with much fulness springing suddenly from below the knees, and others which spread gently from the bones of the hip to the ground.

We have sketched for you one of Lelong's lovely dresses, this one in white satin with tulle about the shoulders and stepped up from the hem, the mounting line being stressed by flat, golden rings. As is the way this season, it has no belt, though the waist is very clearly defined.

Maggy Rouff's beautiful black crêpe sheath is shown in the centre. Shirred across the waist and abdomen, the corsage blazes with red violet, bright blue, and pink crêpe.

Finally we come to Paquin's magnificent full-length evening coat in American marten, a brown crêpe sash tied negligently about the narrow waist, and the full skirt balanced by a fluted collar and revers. Such coats are also made in silver fox and in ermine, and every hair of the fur whispers of flattery and luxury.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

J. B. Morton Forsakes Satiric Humour for Authentic Biography : Martin Armstrong Tells the Story of Dictator Godoy, a Weakling King, and an Uncontrolled Queen

By VERNON FANE

MR. J. B. MORTON has written a book about the little Dauphin and his death which should put an end, for at least twenty years or more, to romances and glorified guessing games about the child prince of that sad family.

THE DAUPHIN (Longman's. 12s. 6d.) has been written for those discerning people who prefer their history retailed to them with at least the probability of its being authentic. What *might* have happened to the Dauphin if the circumstances, unsupported by any evidence, had been different, has occupied many novelists. He has escaped to America, to Holland, to Dover. He has founded families, taught in a school, worked as a clerk. Naturally, there are endless themes for anyone who cares to use his imagination instead of his commonsense. As the author says himself, " Those who hold, against all the evidence, that the Dauphin escaped from the Temple, will have an audience to the end of time; because they can leave the reader to imagine a happy ending ".

Mr. Morton, on the contrary, founds his story only on such facts as are known, and on such probabilities as seem logical His book in this way is a serious addition to the literature on that period, and not a highly coloured historical novel. Actually, the story in its bare bones is dramatic enough to need no imaginative padding; the little boy of six or seven seeing his father, Louis XVI, go to his death, being separated from Marie-Antoinette for many months before her death, and kept in a dingy room alone, dying himself in the end, at the age of ten, a lingering death from tuberculosis.

There is tragedy and pathos enough there, and a nobility as well, in the way in which the persecuted family faced their tormentors and kept their dignity to their dying hour. To me, no other version of that story will ever be possible again.

Of a later date, and a very different manner is Mr. Martin Armstrong's **SPANISH CIRCUS** (Collins. 15s.), the story of three nearly incredible people who lived the most significant years of their lives in Napoleon's time.

Carlos IV of Spain was a good man but a weak king, with a wife, Maria Luisa, who was neither good nor weak. She had abounding spirits, endless curiosity, uncontrolled appetites, and an extremely bad temper. The third figure of this fantastic trinity was Godoy, the queen's lover, the king's friend, and one of the most fortunate favourites that a royal court has ever seen. Among the public honours he received was the unusual and, as it happened, meaningless title of Prince of Peace.

The king, the queen, and Godoy have all been painted by Goya and, if those portraits survive in the Prado, they will give posterity as good an account of their originals as any historian could achieve, a fact which Mr. Armstrong is the first to realise, since reproductions of them form the book's illustrations.

Anything might happen in the Spain of that time, though, for rulers of such entire cynicism it may be thought that they were given a long enough run. In the end Godoy fell and, although he was temporarily restored to favour, the royal couple were not strong enough to protect him from the universal hatred that he inspired. Like his patrons, he died in exile in France.

The story is of as tragic simplicity as the other. None of the facts help to soften its brutality or its hopelessness, only its writing makes of it a book of great distinction with the unmistakable touch of the poet.

Why, oh why must there be sequels? or, if sequels, why, at the risk of a little Alice-in-Wonderlandery, must they come after? If I had read **TRANSGRESSOR IN THE TROPICS** (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) before its predecessor, I should have enjoyed it a good deal. As it was I was unfairly haunted by Mr. Negley Farson who sailed the Danube to the Black Sea, lived by his own shooting and fishing in the northern backwoods and escaped death but not vodka in St. Petersburg.

It is not that the present Mr. Farson is any older, but that he is so much, so fatally much wiser. However, he is never dull, never banal, and only a little less delightful than we have known him before. In spite of my disappointment, definitely a book for that list.

Since it does take all sorts, even the most colourless, to make a world, I am not going to deny that such creatures as the hero of Miss Elizabeth Sprigge's novel do exist. All I question is the validity of building a whole novel round such a complete invertebrate.

THE SON OF THE HOUSE (Collins. 7s. 6d.) deals with a young man who holds that position solely by an accident of birth. There are no other sons, therefore he is, or should be, his father's right hand man. Actually he is nothing of the sort. Born to a big estate and an exquisite old Norfolk house he sulks, broods, snivels, and curls up in an exotically decorated attic with a bottle of rum.

He does no work, drinks too much, and does a few talented but obscene charcoal sketches. The disinclination to work troubles no one but his father (and, less probably, one or two readers), the drink gives him no hangovers but " below his eyes and on his eyelids bluish shadows," and the drawings interest a select few, and exasperate his elderly aunt.

Nial realises his deficiencies, but is no less of a burden to his companions. He upsets a sensible, pretty girl, falls in love with a middle-aged woman (I shall never believe that she was only thirty-two), and whines his way through the better part of a year. His final redemption, through being jilted by the right woman, leaves one in a state of indifference bordering on the supernatural.

The fact that I read as far as that, and in fact to the book's last page, is not due to my interest in the poor toad, but to my hope that Miss Sprigge was going to do something to him to justify my regard for her as a novelist. She didn't, but that does not stop her being a very agreeable writer.

Miss Pamela Frankau, in her new novel, is obsessed with illness. She has cripples, strong men dying of pneumonia, not-so-strong men feeling faint in the middle of luncheon, and a general atmosphere, faintly reminiscent of H-m-ngw-y, of people drinking, not for pleasure but to drown pain.

In spite of all which I enjoyed **SOME NEW PLANET** (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) very much, more indeed than any of this author's novels since *Tassell-Gentle*. Miss Frankau makes use of a supremely good trick. She tells a story through the eyes and limited understanding of one man, and then laying him low in that inconsiderate way of which novelists are past masters, tells it again through his brain in delirium, dreaming the truth about each person in the story.

So far the trick is not entirely original. What is new and refreshing is that it works. The reader has been taken in, and there is a whole bag full of surprises to be produced in the last chapters. At least two good legitimate twists to the plot and a satisfactorily inconclusive ending.

The important thing is that it is a novel which follows no type, and the work of a cliché-free mind.

ART of "BLACK and WHITE" DRAWING

AN INDEPENDENT AND ORIGINAL MEDIUM: An example of a scraper board drawing by Eric Fraser reproduced by John Austen in his invaluable new book *The A.B.C. of Pen and Ink Rendering* which has just been published by Pitman's, forming a notable addition to their works on art technique. Scraper boards are composed of sheets of paper coated with china clay which can be engraved effectively with a dry-point needle

AN INTRICATE PEN DRAWING BY JOHN AUSTEN, author of the newly-published *A.B.C. of Pen and Ink Rendering*

In addition to the books reviewed above the Editor also draws the attention of readers to the following new publications :—

A Plain Tale From the Bogs, by Rearden Conner. (*John Miles. 8s. 6d.*) : An autobiography that has its settings in the turbulent, poverty-stricken Ireland of famine days and also in the contemporary literary world of London.

Wardens of the Wild, by T. C. Bridges. (*Harrap. 7s. 6d.*) : A vivid description of some of the principal sanctuaries for wild life in Africa, Asia, North America, Australia, and New Zealand. The book includes numerous tales of adventures with wild animals and much out-of-the-way information about them.

Old England, by R. H. Mottram (*The Studio Ltd. 10s. 6d.*) : Here one of the most skilled of contemporary English writers brings his gift of descriptive prose to the task of picturing the England of beloved tradition, its social life in town and country in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

Old London. Under this collective title the D. Appleton—Century Company have published at 21s. four works by E. F. Benson, each telling a separate story of the old London the author knows so well. The four books are *The Unwanted*, *Friend of the Rich*, *Janet*, and *Portrait of an English Nobleman*.

Uncensored, by Oscar E. Millard. (*Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.*) : This is the story of *La Libre Belgique*, the famous journal run during the German occupation by a group of Belgian patriots who lived and worked in the shadow of the death penalty. Effort after effort to suppress the paper failed.

Red Star Over China, by Edgar Snow. (*Gollancz. 18s.*) : A " left wing " newspaper correspondent's eye-witness account of life in the Soviet districts of China.

Laughing Odyssey, by Eileen Bigland. (*Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.*) : From Moscow to the Ukraine, from the country of the Don Cossacks to the Caucasus, this author has journeyed and, having an intimate knowledge of Russian, has gathered a fund of good material for this travel book and shrewd study of the Soviet people.

The Stuarts, by Sir Charles Petrie, Bt. (*Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.*) : Here the author of *The Four Georges* once again brings history to life in his own inimitable way, giving a graphic picture of the manners, customs, and personalities of the period between 1603 and 1714.

Europa in Limbo, by Robert Briffault. (*Robert Hale. 8s. 6d.*) : The period this novel covers is 1914—21, and the author presents a panorama of those historic years as seen through the eyes of his characters.

Towards Angkor, by H. G. Quaritch Wales. (*Harrap. 12s. 6d.*) : In this work the Field Director of the Greater-India Research Committee describes how he penetrated regions never before visited by a European archæologist and discovered the earlier vestiges of the original Hindu art which culminated in the mighty buildings of Angkor, Cambodia.

Flowers in House and Garden, by Constance Spry. (*J. M. Dent. 12s. 6d.*) : A book that will help you to link up the beauty of the garden with indoor floral decoration.

Big-Game Hunting and Adventure, by Marcus Daly (*Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d.*) : A professional hunter describes his experience between the years 1897 and 1936.

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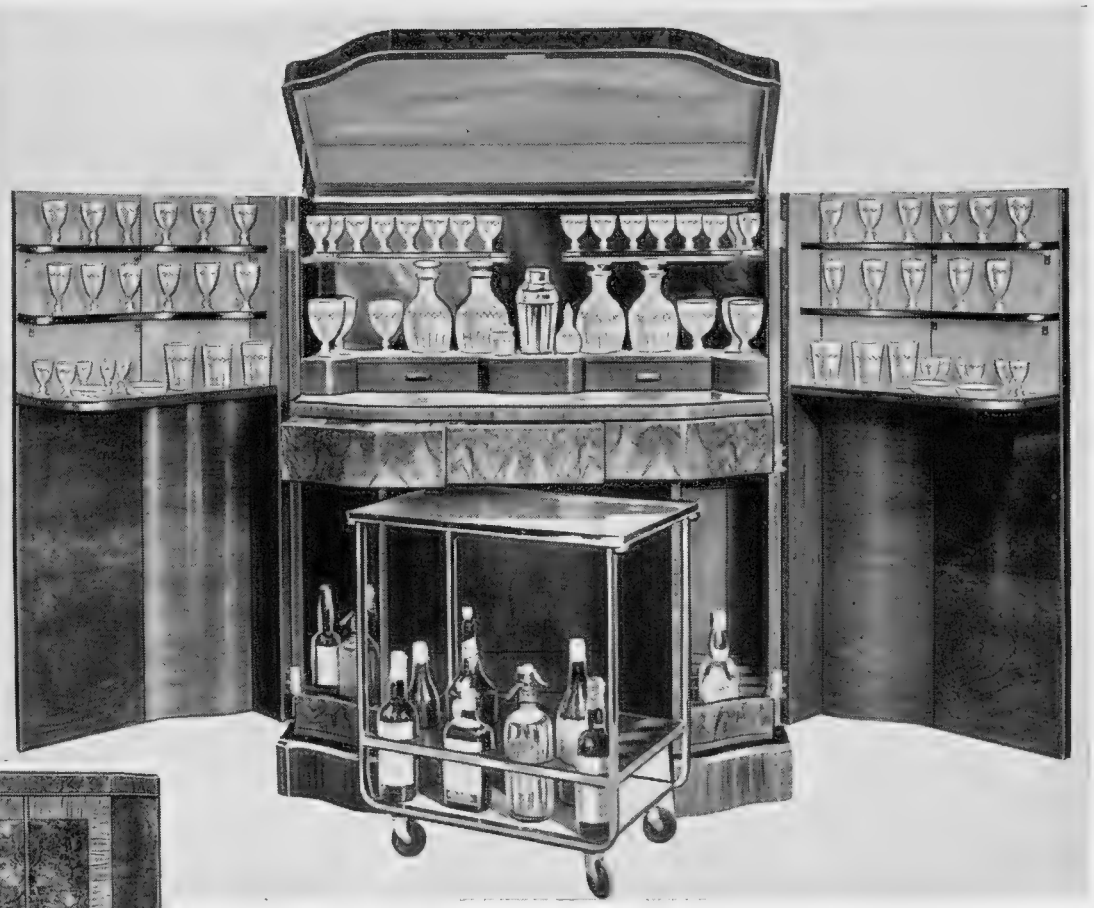

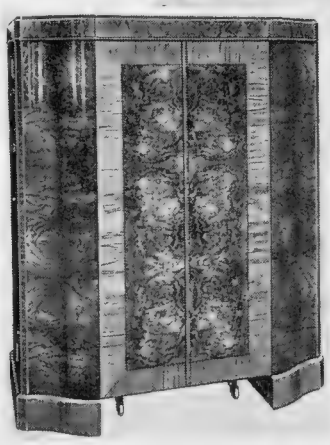

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CARS OF THE COMING SEASON

New Models and Improvements by Firms Whose Names are Household Words

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE Humber programme for 1938 has been released and from the public's point of view it is one of extreme interest. First of all, two new models are offered and for 1938 all cars in the Humber range will have 6-cylinder engines and Evenkeel suspension. The first new car is a Snipe of 21 h.p. The original car of this name is now called the Snipe Imperial and judging by the example I examined at the inaugural luncheon it is a car which will instantly appeal to the public taste on appearance alone. It is a most attractive looking motor car which in these days is a matter of great importance, and when good appearance is combined with good workmanship and design it is fairly safe to prophesy that the result will be a very busy sales Manager.

The Snipe since it was introduced originally has possessed a reputation for speed and acceleration combined with general handiness. The new Snipe embodies these characteristics and the general specification includes side-valve, 6-cylinder engine, rubber engine mountings, box-girder frame, saloon body accommodating five people in comfort, and excellent interior and exterior fittings. Although the width of the car is 5 ft. 10 ins. the track is the full 4 ft. 7½ ins. The wheelbase is 9 ft. 6 ins. which is 10 ins. less than that of the Snipe Imperial. We are offered, therefore, a very compact motor car with surprising acceleration and speed, and the price is only £345.

The second new model is known as the Humber Sixteen. This is an entirely new car and will undoubtedly meet the requirements of a large section of the public who desire Humber quality but not quite so much power as available in the Snipe model. The price of this car, with a five-seater saloon body, is £330. The Humber Pullman is retained but has been improved in many respects.

Certainly the Humber programme for the new season is one to be reckoned with, and the public are certain to notice that in spite of the general tendency to increase prices due to the extra cost of materials the Humber concern have been able to retain their previous figures.

HUMBER'S 1938 ADDITION: The new Humber Sixteen, which will prove very popular among those motorists who desire Humber quality but less power than the Snipe. Exceedingly stylish in appearance, this new saloon retails at £330, the lowest figure at which a 6-cylinder car has ever been offered in the history of the Humber Company

Another firm which has announced its new season's programme is Riley (Coventry) Limited. The range of models includes, in addition to the well-known 1½ litre and 15-h.p. Six, a new 16-h.p. 4-cylinder and an 18-h.p. V-8 model. In the 1½-litre range prices show a slight increase.

The lowest price model is now £345 and this car is a roomy four-seater saloon with generous luggage accommodation. Considerable internal improvement is to be found in the coachwork. For instance, the leather is of a much better quality, likewise the roof lining and cappings. The chassis remains practically unaltered but it will be found that there are detailed modifications to the cylinder head and induction system, which result in better all-round performance. The car is also smoother, due to the adoption of a new form of engine mounting. Body insulation for sound has been carried further and a remarkable degree of silence has been obtained.

The new Rileys have been greatly improved as far as appearance is concerned by the addition of chromium slats to the radiator and a re-grouping of the fog lamp and horns. As an alternative to the well-known preselecta gear transmission, dual overdrive is available. The latter provides five forward speeds with only three gear lever positions, overdrive on second and top gears being obtained automatically when the accelerator pedal is released.

The man or woman who is a sports enthusiast will find that the two-seater Sprite is retained and remains at the price which held good during last season.

The 16-h.p. model is a big 4-cylinder job and is fitted with dual overdrive transmission. Various types of saloon body work are available and these vary in price from £385 to £415. The 18-h.p. V-8 carries on unchanged as a five-seater saloon.

I recently had the pleasure of driving for a few days one of the latest examples of the Standard V-8 car. I have to confess that this was the first car of this type originating in Great Britain that I have tried. It is a car which I can truthfully say is great fun to drive. It has an excellent performance and an idea of its speed can be obtained when I state that on many occasions, not just when conditions were perfect, the speedometer sailed well past the eighty mark. Its acceleration is good and the engine is at all times smooth and silent. When I say it is great fun to drive I mean that the driver can have great fun on the road.

The car looks like a Standard Twelve and so when big American cars catch up and expect to pass with the greatest of ease one imagines the drivers wondering what has happened when they find the Standard not only keeping up with them but gradually drawing ahead.

This Standard model has one characteristic which, I think, is common to all other cars coming from the famous factory at Canley, namely, brakes which are definitely the master of the engine. The brakes are excellent, in fact, I have never come across better on any car, even those in the highest luxury class.

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"BLISTER my kidneys, the dahlias are dead!" cried Mr. Jorrocks in mingled trepidation and delight at the sight of the results of the autumn's first heavy frost. We are not all by inclination or necessity hunting people; but at this season the dahlia's expectation of life is short indeed and at the thought of winter we turn instinctively to more hospitable climates. And what better choice could be made than the French Riviera, that coast known to so many thousands of our countrymen since first Lord Brougham's carriage rumbled southwards in search of sunshine.

HYÈRES, a resort of artists and writers

If Marseilles is the port and terminus Hyères is surely the first pearl on the string which stretches thence to Menton. The most southerly point of France, Hyères is also beautiful in her setting of the Maures hills and is still countryfied and unspoilt by fame. She is also the resort of artists and writers who follow in the train of Robert Louis Stevenson who for two years rejoiced in his garden at La Solitude Châlet, and for the golf-minded there are two excellent courses of eighteen holes each. From Hyères you may drive to the Chartreuse de Montieux, or to the Montagnes des Oiseaux, or sail across the dancing waters to the Golden Isles or the Iles du Levant among other pleasant excursions.

Passing eastwards towards St. Raphael a choice of three routes is open to you. Either you may go by train, which will enable you to make stops at villages inland, or by Londe which will take you through the lovely Forests of Dom, Coglin, and La Foux, or you may drive along the coast by the Corniche des Maures, which way a series of delightful views of land and sea will meet you at every turn of the road. You will pass through, if you do not decide to stay at, Sainte-Maxime, a gay little town with its picturesque harbour and amusing little cafés on the sea front. More so than many places on the Riviera its atmosphere is very French. Across the bay lies St. Tropez which retains the charm of the eighteenth century and is again much appreciated by artists. We move on to St. Raphael.

ST. TROPEZ retains 18th-century charm

Valescure and St. Raphael (the two are almost one town) are happy in their equable climate, the splendid sandy shore, and the Casino. St. Raphael is indeed one of the most progressive of the resorts on the Riviera and the golf-course is first class. It is also an excellent centre from which to make tours to other places along the coast and inland.

Close by is Fréjus, once an important Roman harbour and still the proud possessor of an amphitheatre dating from those times: and a little farther along the coast Boulouris-sur-Mer lies among the pines and heather, a very attractive place for those who desire quiet surroundings while remaining within reach of the distractions of St. Raphael. Then comes Agay on its estuary between the wonderful red porphyry rocks and the sea, and half way between St. Raphael and Cannes. It is quiet, and as yet undeveloped, and Le Trayas close by is an ideal place for a peaceful holiday. The whole way from St. Raphael to Cannes the road takes you through glorious scenery.

Cannes is the next on the list, famous ever since the Lord Brougham whom I mentioned at the beginning of this article first stopped here in 1832. Since then the place has been the centre of English life on the Riviera and the glittering programmes of entertainment and sport perennially organised need no praises from me. If you like racing it is here at La Napoule; here too is polo, and there are splendid facilities for golf at the Mougins Country Club.

The centre of social life is of course, the Municipal Casino, which has been practically rebuilt during the last decade. Turning to less sophisticated things, the old town of Cannes, Le Suquet, has kept its characteristics of a Provençal village; it has a history going back to the days of the Saracen pirates and the Romans.

A few miles inland from Cannes is Grasse, first popularised by Queen Victoria and world-famous for its scent industry. To see the fields of violets and roses, the groves of mimosa and jasmine makes one understand the feeling which makes dogs roll." It is an ancient industry going back to those medieval days when Provençal roses were the most famous in the world, and at some of the factories you may watch the processes by which the scent is produced. Grasse is a pleasant little town and can be recommended to those who like a really mild climate.

Juan-les-Pins and Cap d'Antibes are but a step from Cannes. To Juan's development can be put down the Riviera's present popularity as a summer resort; it is also popular in winter. It is particularly happy in its climate by reason of the protection given by the Cap d'Antibes. Here, in sympathy with the open air life for which the place was created, things are less formal than in many other places on the Riviera and there is an atmosphere of gaiety and freedom.

SAINTE-MAXIME, where sailing enthusiasts forgather

Between Juan and Nice there are many delightful places to stay at. Antibes, once an important fort which Vauban strengthened, is now one of the most fashionable places on the coast in summer. It is odd to think that this modern resort is supplied with water by Roman aqueducts. Then there is Cagnes the home of the Nice Golf Club, but also

ST. RAPHAEL is famed for its sandy shore

a typical Riviera village picturesque with its castled hill; and not far off is Vence with its twelfth-century cathedral, ancient fortifications, and beautiful old fountain. This attractive town is a favourite place to drive to from Nice, most important of the Riviera's pleasure resorts, which we now approach.

From October onwards the throng of visitors to Nice grows apace and reaches peak point in January when the high season starts a series of brilliant events culminating in the carnival, which takes place in the last twelve days before Lent. With its casinos, seven theatres, splendid promenades, and delightful restaurants Nice is everything that the sophisticated person could desire. The programme, this coming season, is as tremendous as long experience has led to expect. On January 28 King Carnival LIX, to give him his official title, arrives. At the same time the Nice Lawn Tennis Club Championship, which always attracts the most famous exponents of the game, will be taking place. On February 9 there is the Grand Veglione at the Opera, and during that month the naval battle of flowers in Villefranche Harbour, the Fêtes of the French Provinces, and in April the International Military Tournament. Such are a few of the events at Nice this winter.

Nice is interesting, too, in other ways. The old town's narrow little streets can show some fine houses; there are the Cathedral of St. Reparate, the fifteenth-century Place Rossetti, the house where Smollett wrote his *Travels in France and Italy*. On the town's outskirts at Cimiez you may visit the well-preserved Roman arena, and the flower market always repays a morning call. One is tempted to linger in this metropolis of the Riviera. It is time to move onwards.

The beautiful harbour of Villefranche, which is quickly reached by the sea road from Nice, is overlooked by a town of picturesque houses which takes its name from the freedom conferred upon it by Charles II of Sicily in the fourteenth century. For those who wish to stay in less fashionable surroundings and yet be within reach of Nice the place is ideal. A little farther on one comes to St. Jean Cap Ferrat, a region full of fine villas and beautiful gardens and a favourite with those who can afford a house on this glorious coast.

CANNES: A glimpse of the old quarter

Half-way between Nice and Monte Carlo is Beaulieu, a delightful resort which is particularly rich in the wide choice of walks open to the visitor. It is an ideal anchorage for yachts. Nearby is Eze, perched high on its rock above the sea, probably the most ancient village on the coast. Two miles farther on Cap d'Ail stands among its olive trees in a perfect setting of rock and water. We approach the Principality of Monaco.

It is over seventy years since M. Blanc built his casino at Monte Carlo thereby making his and his patrons' fortunes. But apart from gambling the place itself is so beautiful with its terraces, flowers, and sunshine that one wonders that it remained undiscovered so long. Nor need one be rich to stay here.

From Monte Carlo, by way of the Grand Corniche and the sea-road, one comes to Cap Martin, that superb mountain crest crowned with forest. Cap Martin has an all-the-year-round season, and is particularly lovely with its glorious view of the bay.

Menton, on the border of France and Italy, is, as one would expect, a hybrid town. Its position along the sides of two bays is a very happy one. Here in the mildest climate of the Riviera one may pick oranges from the tree, and the flower market is one of the most magnificent in the world.

Hugonaut

MONTE CARLO IN AUTUMN: Yachts racing at the famed Riviera resort which, boasting a rare climate, from season to season draws its hosts of holiday visitors

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

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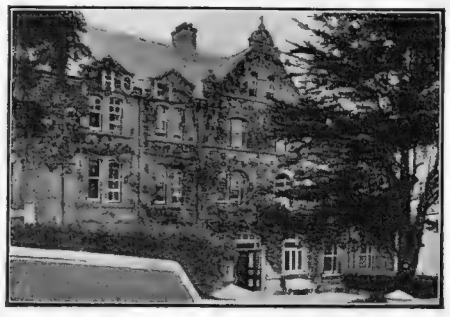

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Further information with pleasure from the Resident Director, or telephone Goring 21.

And this winter . . . Grove Hall

Because it's a homely hotel with crackling open fires and central heating run on country house lines in 12½ acres of grounds. Because there's a private bathroom to every bedroom . . . food, wine and comfort equally Utopian. Because it's but 34 miles by road to London . . . and 37 minutes by rail. Because there's golf, a hard tennis court and squash at Sonning. Because you will be welcomed and because the terms are reasonable and inclusive—4 to 6 gns. a week, no more, no less. Write or 'phone: Twyford 105.

GROVE HALL, TWYFORD, Berks.

BATT'S HOTEL DOVER STREET, W.1

In the heart of everything worth while.

An ideal homely hotel with every modern comfort

THE HONYWOOD HOTELS — LADY HONYWOOD, Managing Director

In Quest of

Torquay's Grand is Grand
Ideal for an Au

THE leaves in the park had been swept into neat piles. I counted six overcoats and one muffler. Autumn was in the air.

As I entered the club I was assailed by a small group. "Just the very person we're talking about," they said. "Do tell our mutual friend here where he can go for his holiday. We've suggested this place and that, but all he keeps on murmuring is 'buried alive in October.'"

There are plenty of places I could have suggested for an autumn holiday, but knowing "the mutual friend" in question, I immediately replied "the Grand at Torquay." Nor have I qualms at all about his having accepted my advice for if he does murmur at all when he returns, it will be—"avoirdupois again, avoirdupois."

I do not suggest the Grand at Torquay would suit everybody, but if you are accustomed to pay what you expect to pay at a first-class hotel and at the same time can look forward to getting a deal more for your money than you had anticipated, then the Grand, Torquay, is the hotel for you, not merely in the month of October but at any time of the year.

For the fact is that at the Grand there is never any of that "we're half-shut-down" sort of look. Agreed that there are times when there are more visitors staying there than others, but that is a matter of concern for the financial eye of the proprietors ; for all that matters to the ordinary visitor is that there will always be something going on.

Every night of the year Harry Evans and his Broadcasting Band play in the ballroom of the Grand. From time to time they can be heard on the National wave, and dancing enthusiasts will tell you that they wish they were "on the air" more often. There is a squash court on the premises. A hard tennis court in the grounds, the use of which is free to those staying at the hotel, whilst the Grand Hotel visitor need not pay a penny piece for his golf. (Caddies and lost balls excepted of course!)

There is no need for anyone to complain of lack of exercise, particularly as Mr. R. Paul, the manager, will see to it that you get all the partners you need, and then if you still have some superfluous energy to work off will always be pleased if you accompany him before breakfast when he takes his constitutional with Roy, a gun, and at a pretty useful pace.

And that brings me up to the real reason why I have no misgivings about recommending anyone to the Grand at Torquay. Other hotels can offer their ballrooms, their squash courts, free golf, and so on, but there are few large hotels in the five-star A A category where one receives such personal attention and service.

It starts with the Brothers Gilley, the proprietors, who all but live on the premises. Unless they are away—which seems very rarely—they are about to see that the wheels of personal service are running smoothly. Actually, I should imagine they have little to worry about these days, as in Mr. and Mrs. R. Paul,

Entertainment . . .

London begins at the Alexandra—nearly all map distances are measured from Hyde Park Corner. Entertainment for yourself—Mayfair, the Shops, and Theatres close at hand. And, for your friends, nowhere could be more suitable to invite them for a theatre, dinner, or to "put them up" for the week-end. Our cuisine, comfort, and service—unquestionable ; our terms moderate beyond dispute.

The Alexandra

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140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.
Write or telephone SLOane 4521

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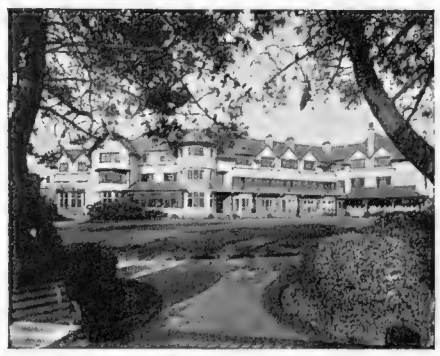

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QUIET AND QUALITY . . . Quiet in its atmosphere — exclusive, yet welcoming. Quiet in its situation—secluded, yet accessible on the crest of the cliff with magnificent views of Studland Bay. Quality in its cuisine, its cellars, and its comforts. Golf on the famous Parkstone course adjacent, or on five others close by, and a choice of restful Private Suites and Bedrooms await those who value . . . Quiet and Quality. Private Beach, Tennis, Lift, Garage for 40 cars. S. Whiston, Manager, will deal personally with your enquiries.
Telephone : CANFORD CLIFFS 797-8.
Telegrams : "Salubritas, Bournemouth."

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Without Being Grandiose: tumn Holiday

their joint managers, they have two most excellent fly-wheels, around which all the smaller wheels of staff turn rhythmically, smoothly, and efficiently.

I knew Mr. and Mrs. Paul long before they went to the Grand, and have always admired their efficiency and that personal touch which is exemplified by their belief that "it is the little things which count," but it was difficult to foresee whether they could still practise that personal interest in such a large hotel as the Grand. They have. And they have achieved it because they have a good staff many of whom were there before them and were personalities in their own sphere.

The chef. I have never met him, nor do I suppose have any of the visitors. He is the quiet master. Escoffier trained, he prefers to express his personality in his culinary art. Though he remains in the background, he it is that you have to thank for a cuisine which is—grand.

Nor must one forget Johns. The head waiter who is an authority on weather lore, wine lists—and personal weaknesses. William, the man who dispenses cocktails of character and is always ready when not too busy to discourse from behind his bar on anything from greyhounds to gravestones.

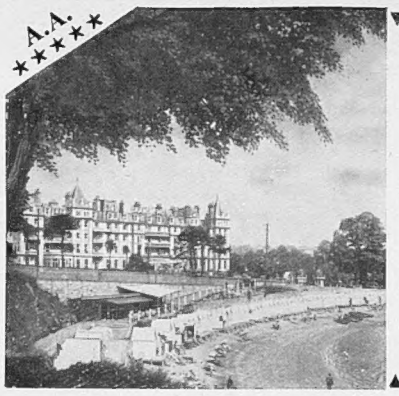
Then there is another William, commonly known as "Weeyum," who as night porter for six hours is the uncrowned King of the Grand. Arrive any time in the early hours and you will soon discover that he knows everything, finds everything. In fact, it has been said that if acute appendicitis developed in the night, he would be capable of removing the offending appendix.

The long and short of it is that one is made to feel at home in the Grand. If you want to gaze out on to Torbay through the windows of the new sun lounge, well you could not choose a pleasanter spot. If you have got pains and aches which you want to discuss with someone, Mrs. Paul will prove a good listener and will charm them away with her smile.

To sum up the Grand, it *is* grand without being grandiose. There is no hotel in Torquay with a grander position. On the level and with the whole sweep of the Bay as one's vista. If your car is having treatment in the hotel garage, and they have an excellent fellow in charge, there is a frequent bus service out of earshot but not a minute from the front door. And it's grand because it is situated in a town which always seem to be wearing its summer clothes.

Dartmoor in the background; Exeter to the left; Plymouth to the right. A coastline of infinite charm. What better place could you choose for an autumn holiday than Torquay? Where could you find an hotel worthy of so many stars as the Grand?

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride St., London, E.C.4*



GRAND in name.
GRAND in position, facing the sea and on the level.
GRAND in appointments and cuisine, a five-star hotel and more.
GRAND to the smallest detail.

The **GRAND, TORQUAY**

Golf, Tennis, Squash—free to residents. Harry Evans and his Broadcasting Band play nightly. Tariff from B. Paul, Manager. 'Phone: 2234.

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Lincombe Hall
OF TORQUAY

Winter in comfort this year!

Come to Lincombe Hall, the Hotel with an all-the-year-round season. A full staff. Interesting and varied menus. Warmth, comfort and the free service of Hotel bus to shops, theatres and golf. Beautiful grounds, and above all—the certainty of meeting congenial people who appreciate the many amenities which Lincombe Hall provides *from 4 gns. a week.* No Extras. Write for descriptive brochure or 'phone 2302.

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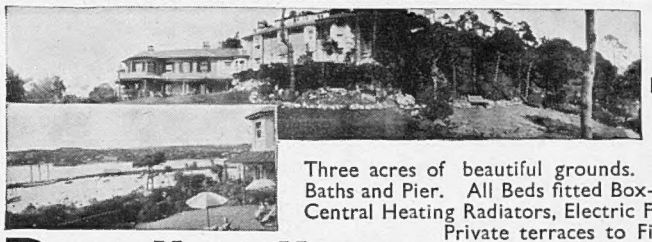

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PARK HALL HOTEL
TORQUAY
'Phone 3434.
Mrs. P. BAGLEY, Resident Managing Director.

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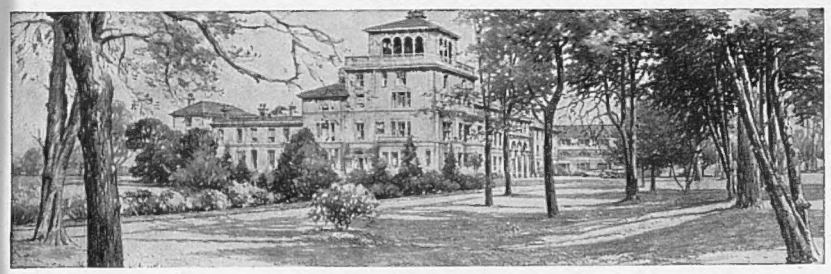

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Illustrated Brochure with pleasure. Telephone: Weybridge 1190 (six lines).

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Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER
Telephone 4071-2

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Half an hour from City and West End.

WINTER TERMS
REDUCTION 20%–25%
No alteration in Standard.

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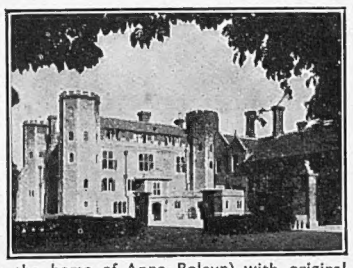

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Under the same management as The Selsdon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, Surrey.

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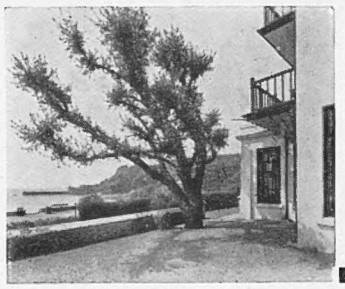
there is always a cheerful, restful, and cosy atmosphere at Southdown Hall, where you can live luxuriously from as low as 4 gns. a week. 400 ft. up, facing full South. Fully licensed. Bridge, Billiards, Ballroom. Wimbledon 0811-2.

SOUTHDOWN HALL
THE DOWNS **HOTEL** WIMBLEDON



ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL JERSEY

An Autumn holiday? Our flowers, our sunshine, our bathing, and the comfort and amenities of our hotel should make St. Brelade's your choice. And for winter . . . the same equable climate, our sheltered situation, our wonderful outlook, our cooking . . . and our moderate terms make St. Brelade's the obvious haven from an English winter. Chapter and verse with pleasure from the Proprietor, A. Colley.

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— An hour and a half by plane from Heston —

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Ascot.—The Berystede Hotel.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Granville Hotel. Tel. 1437.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie," West Parade.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle (Cornwall).—Welltown Manor. Tel. 17
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.

(Continued on p. 80)

WATCH ON THE PYRENEES (Continued from page 54)

Andorra, while continuing to buy. Reasons were threefold. The Syndicates of Barcelona took umbrage at Andorrans having called in the French Garde Mobile, when rumours of a Catalan anarchist coup on the little Republic were rife. They objected even more strongly to the help given refugees in Andorra, so that these might join Franco. Thirdly, there was the increasing food shortage in governmental Spain.

During ultimate weeks of the long winter ended in April last the population could only be kept alive by Colonel Baulard organising a caterpillar ambulance service over the Envalira, the solitary ambulance bringing in bags of flour from France several times a day. Winter has now set in again, and unless the French Government systematically comes to the rescue until April next Andorrans look like doing the next thing to starving. For a dire calamity befell in July—a terrific storm wiped out the crops in three of the Republic's six parishes. France, moreover, will have to supply food at an artificial price because Andorrans have only depreciated pesetas from the continued sale of their scanty produce to Catalonia.

The second problem, volunteers and refugees, is easier. Very few of the former get through to Catalonia or even now try. It is other with the refugees, composed mostly of well-to-do Catalans, priests and nuns, and young men anxious to join up with Franco as the latter calls class after class to the colours, from all over Spain. As many as 200 refugees a day were getting through recently, despite "Red" snipers on watch day and night at the St. Julia entry into Andorra, from Spain. But there never was such palm-greasing.

So that is Andorra which wants the war over at the earliest possible moment. What then? Do Andorrans want the Bishop co-prince back, meaning Franco in? And, if so, what will the French have to say, owning as they do most of productive Andorra? Can they hope to carry on as smoothly as in the past, confronted by victory-swollen Phalangists and Requetés?

Can such be allowed on the Envalira, barely more than a Big Bertha's fire separated from Toulouse, army corps and flying headquarters?

Resuming our trek westward, we may now skip more than 100 miles, over impassable peaks, before coming to the next point of interest, the Col de Roncevaux. As stated, this point of access needs to be taken in conjunction with the neighbouring Col de Maya and with the Bidossoa passage down on the coast; it being in that corner of the French Basqueland, having St. Jean de Luz as hub, that the new Pyrenean state of affairs becomes of greatest concern to France.

And what an extraordinary mix-up it all is! Even without a neighbouring Franco in the ascendancy, the Basses-Pyrenées department always was about the most reactionary in France, as its Fascist deputy, M. Ybarné garay, has not ceased to demonstrate. Here are royalists, French nobility retired from the tumult, big Paris "money" rusticating, great seminaries of budding young priests. The Basque people are themselves strongly conservative and religious. Pau of Henri Quatre is a royal town yet. Alone industrial Bayonne shows a pro-Valencia leaning.

As for the girls and youths *de famille* along the Silver Coast, they are thrilled to be "Franco." Scarce one, even in quite warm weather, but carries overcoat or burberry cape-like on the shoulders, sleeves a-dangle. Revolting habit, yet come to be the mark of the Fascist. I imitated it one evening and promptly drew a smile of recognition from a Spaniard in my hotel.

Poor hotel Spaniards! One finds it hard to withhold sympathy as they sit endlessly round, mostly in black from head to foot. *Emigrés?* Refugees? Who can tell? There is such a hotch-potch here; more than 3,000 in hotels and pensions between Hendaye and Bayonne. A sort of advance Franco colony? At any rate Paris is worrying, if not so much the local authorities. A number of these Spaniards are quite certainly up to no good. And it surprises how the French put up with their high-handed bearing of superiority. Yet one must positively not forget that one is in a department notably "sympathising," whose population, *très commerçante*, has moreover been benefiting extravagantly from its situation "behind the lines."

As I say, what a mix-up . . . Troncoso, wirepulling grandees, H.M.S. *Resolution*, French Fascists, brooding *emigrés*, huddled refugees, Franco lovelies (some, authentic agents), local middlemen, correspondents, the Diplomatic Corps, nationalist spies and agents tolerated this side of the frontier, though their work is well known; assimilating the inside international drift, via Paris, getting news of cargo and warship sailings, neutral and red, and of local air departures, collecting recruits, gleaning military intelligence affecting the enemy, organising secret "Fifth Columns" in the Government forces' rear, fixing foreign press propaganda, arranging for clandestine delivery of arms and other supplies, and for the trans-mountain passage of these, planning sabotage in France, reporting on Valencia representatives and adherents, reporting especially on the disposition of the Côte d'Argent . . .

CONTINUATIONS

DRAMA OF THE WEEK (Continued from page 69)

But when that glass cup was smashed he dabbled in murder. He gave the smasher (who had bullied him also at school) an injection of morphia and put him in a travelling trunk, intending later to dump the trunk in some marsh when the victim had recovered consciousness.

And there the play, so far as I was concerned, ended, for the remainder of it proved poor stuff, not made the less poor by inadequate production and some glaring specimens of amateur histrionics. Seldom have I known a play start so well and end so feebly, an opinion which seemed to be shared by the majority of the audience for during the later acts they chuckled with enjoyment at moments when they were obviously intended to be frozen with the horror of it all.

Yet that Oxford scene is such grim, strong stuff that sundry inaccuracies hardly matter. Among these is the remark of one of the roysterers to Wolfe to the effect that he was making such a noise that "you'll get us progged." The proctors have no powers inside a college. Also, a Common ball would be the one occasion on which an undergraduate, however unpopular, would not be ragged. Such minor faults on the part of the author should have been rectified by a producer. But the play has been produced by Miss Lucie Mannheim who can scarcely be expected to know more of the inner workings of Oxford than I do of Heidelberg.

Miss Mannheim also plays a part; it is not much of a part and she does not play it very well, nor has her pronunciation of English improved since she last appeared on the London stage. But her ear-piercing shriek when she saw what she imagined to be a corpse in the trunk was effective.

Mr. Marius Goring brilliantly made the persecuted young man as nasty as he was intended to be, and his undergraduate, Goring being quite near Oxford, was wholly credible and creditable. Mr. André Morell was equally clever and equally unpleasant as the occupant of the trunk (no, he didn't die after all) and Mr. Arthur Hambling, as a sort of cousin of Chardles Ash, produced a hare from his pocket and talked of the weather and the crops with realistic rusticity. I wish Miss Mannheim could tell a very tall young actor not to shout so much.

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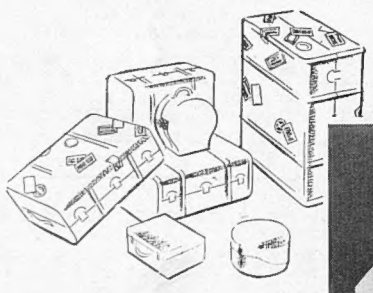

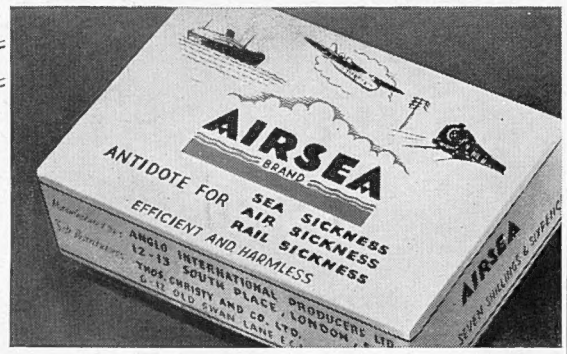

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS—*Continued*

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Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Southcliffe Hotel. Tel. 7140.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Falmouth.—Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Hotel Wampach. Tel. 3129.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere (Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel. 596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Haywards Heath.—Birch Hotel. Tel. 670.
Hinton (New Forest, Hants.).—East Close Htl.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Ilminster (Somerset).—George Hotel. Tel. 54.
Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Liss (Hampshire).—East Hill Country House Htl.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynmouth.—Bevans Lyn Valley Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Middleton-on-Sea, Susx.—Southdean-on-Sea Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Padstow.—Metropole Hotel.
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The William & Mary.
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Yelverton (S. Devon).—Rock Hotel. Tel. 22.

GREAT NORTH ROAD
(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
Eaton Socon (55).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—Old Bridge Hotel.
Wansford-in-England (84½).—The Haycock.

ENGLISH LAKES

Grasmere.—Prince of Wales Lake Hotel. Tel. 4.
Grasmere.—Dale Lodge Hotel. Tel. 20.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. A.A.R.A.C.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel. W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner. Sloane 7111
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
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Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Gullane.—Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire (Sma' Glen).—Amulree Hotel.
Perthshire.—The Royal Hotel, Tyndrum.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

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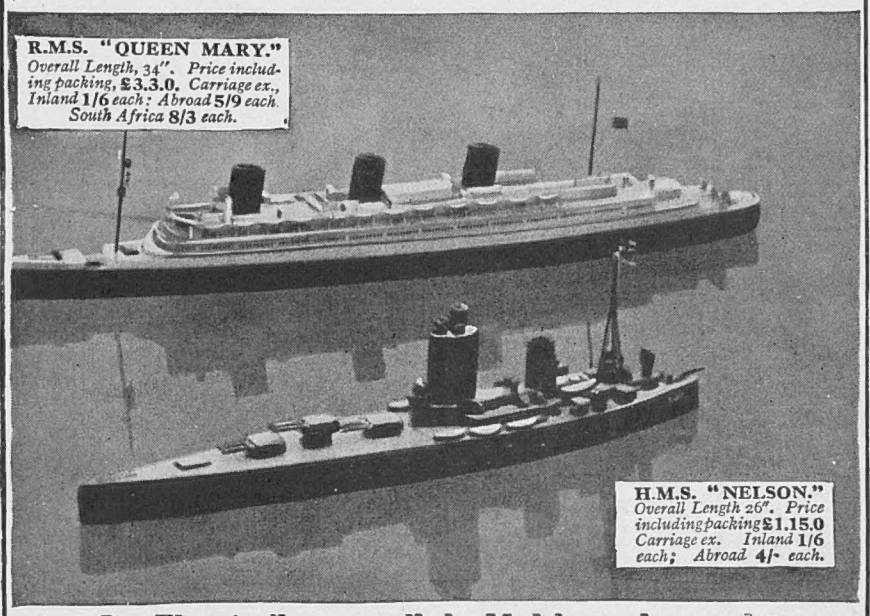

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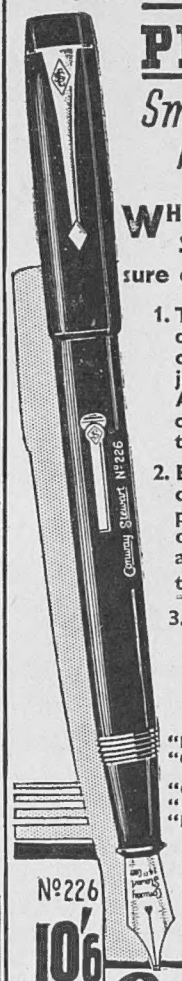

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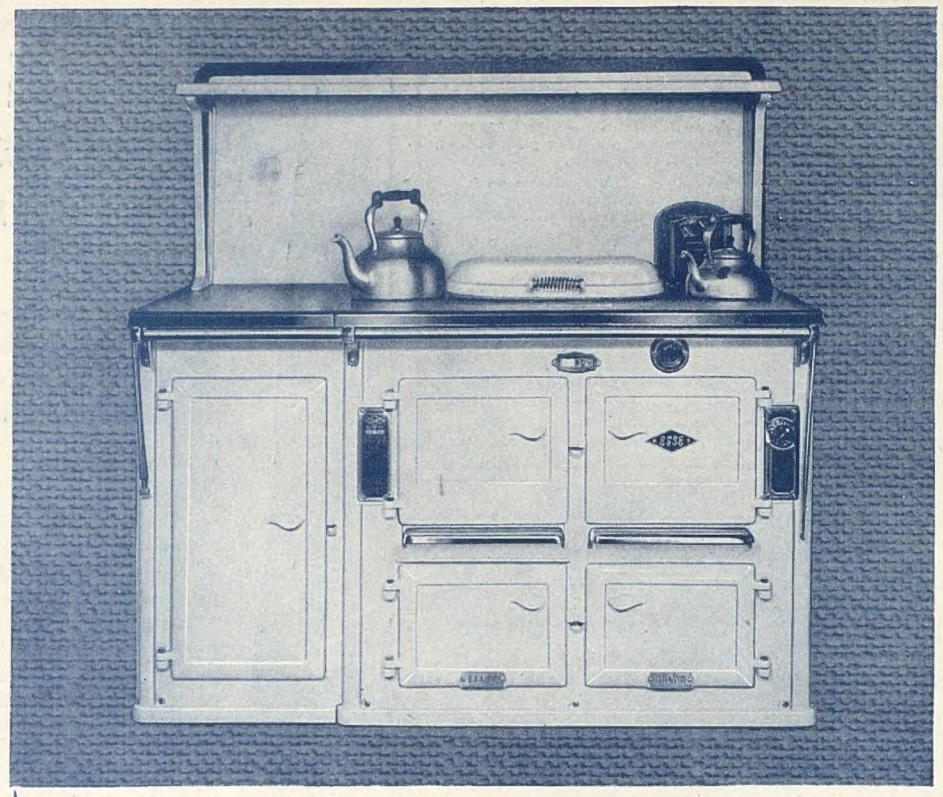

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